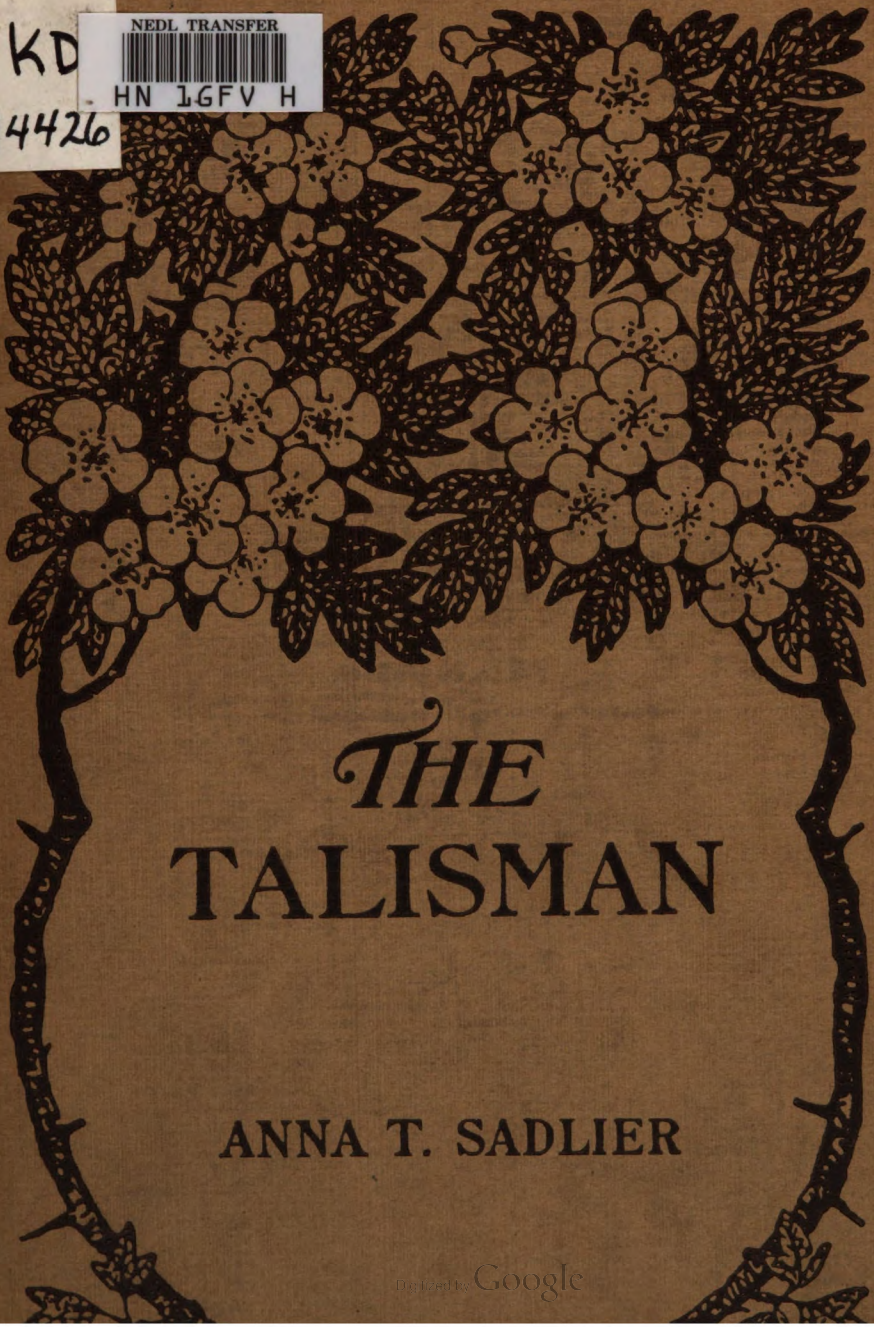
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

http://books.google.com



KD
14426
NEDL TRANSFER
HN 1GFV H

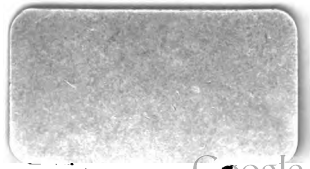


THE TALISMAN

ANNA T. SADLIER

Digitized by Google

ICD14426



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE TALISMAN

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE TALISMAN

BY

ANNA T. SADLIER

Author of "A Summer at Woodville," "Mary Tracy's Fortune," "The Mysterious Doorway," etc.



NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO

BENZIGER BROTHERS

PUBLISHERS OF BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE

Digitized by Google

KD 14426



Copyright, 1903,
BY
BENZIGER BROTHERS

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

A Visitor and a Gift 7

CHAPTER II.

The Missing Charter 24

CHAPTER III.

Home Life 42

CHAPTER IV.

The Attack upon the Town 57

CHAPTER V.

A Night of Watching 77

CHAPTER VI.

A Prisoner 88

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE
THE MESSAGE..... 101

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORT OF THE PEQUOD SACHEM..... 122

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD SHOWS SASSACUS A MARVEL..... 139

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE..... 151

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUAKER..... 169

CONCLUSION.

HOME AGAIN..... 182

Digitized by Google

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER I.

A VISITOR AND A GIFT.

EDWARD MANNERS lived with his mother in a small but comfortable homestead in the town of Hartford, on the Connecticut river, which at that time could boast less than half a century of existence. The house was situated at the farther end of the town, in a somewhat retired position, and was flanked by a moderate-sized but well-kept and flourishing garden. Sometimes, in the pride of his sixteen years, Edward cried out that these quarters were very narrow

Digitized by Google

and the life therein circumscribed, and that better fortunes might await him, if he could but make his way into some of the neighboring and wealthier colonies, where men were already beginning to build up fortunes.

But upon this the worthy Mrs. Manners did but shake her head, having been of those who had come through many tribulations. She had been with the aged Mrs. Hooker borne upon a litter through the wilderness, and she grew eloquent at times as to the hideous and trackless paths through which that expedition from Massachusetts to Connecticut had traversed swamps and rivers, and mountains and thickets, only made passable by surmounting the greatest of difficulties. Above them was, as she poetically declared, "the arch of heaven;" they slept always in the open, and were nourished chiefly by the milk from the numerous herds of cattle driven before them. They had with them, moreover, the ever-present dread of Indian aggressions, as well as of the wild beasts of the forest.

This tale had a strange fascination for Edward, though he chafed in secret that this tall

Digitized by Google

and calm old lady should have been a participator in scenes so stirring, while he himself had but learned his lessons and lounged of mornings under the great oaks on the common. It is true that he likewise joined at times in many a game of skill with lads of his own age, and had even accompanied the hunters on expeditions into the forest, though not to any considerable distance as yet. His mother had promised that should he study diligently, she might thereafter permit him to proceed as far as the colonies of Massachusetts or even New York.

But his life seemed an unreal thing, and there were elements in it which kept him somewhat isolated from his neighbors. He was never permitted, for instance, to assist at those services held sometimes in the open air under the shadow of a great oak, or in the meeting-house, and once or twice having mentioned to the minister, Mr. Hooker, who was a benevolent old gentleman and fond of boys, certain prayers which his mother had taught him, that clergyman had cried out against idolatry, while Mrs. Manners had counselled him never to repeat the *Hail Mary* to any outside of their household.

Digitized by Google

His mother, as he knew, said many prayers in secret, at which he and the servants of their household assisted, and she read many devout books and had made Edward quite familiar with the New Testament, especially the gospels and epistles. But she never went to the prayer-meetings, or public worship of any sort. So that gradually mother and son were regarded with growing suspicion in the colony, and it came to pass that sometimes when Edward would have joined the boys of his own age at play on the green, he was brusquely told that they desired none of his company.

When Edward was about fourteen, an event occurred which had a considerable influence in the forming of his character, and played no insignificant part in his future fortunes. It was a dreary night near the end of January. The wind howled fitfully, and in every gust which passed the window seemed to convey the voices of those long dead from the rocky cliffs and sea-bound promontories of Massachusetts to the shores of the Connecticut. The night was wearing late, a moonless night, with only the pale glimmer of occasional stars, venturing

Digitized by Google

forth through a sea of clouds. The mother had been talking of that ever-delightful theme, her adventurous past, when there was a knocking at the door, distinct but cautious. Edward arose and unfastened the latch, his mother peering apprehensively over his shoulder, for the times were evil. An icy wind, laden with particles of snow and ice, blew in as the door was opened. A tall man stood without, wrapped in a cloak, his hat drawn over his forehead.

"Is this the dwelling of Dame Agatha Manners?" inquired he.

The tone aroused in the mind of one of his hearers a strange sensation. It was as if she had heard an echo of some past voice. Edward hesitated, but the mother said:

"This is, indeed, the dwelling of her you name. But what may be your business with Agatha Manners?"

"I crave on this inhospitable night the shelter of her roof."

This time it was the mother who hesitated, but it was for a moment only. The stranger's voice was courteous, with something reassur-

Digitized by Google

ing in the sound of it. She had no enemies save those common to the colonies, the ever-dreaded Iroquois. Before she could answer, the visitor said impressively:

"I ask it for the charity of Christ."

Agatha Manners started, but recovering from her emotion, replied instantly:

"God forbid that I should refuse hospitality so asked. My son, throw wide the door, that our guest may enter."

As he did so, both perceived that the stranger carried a species of case, or portmanteau, large and apparently of considerable weight. He laid it down, after which he turned, locking and double-locking the door and proceeding to close the window shutters likewise. Edward watched him in alarm. He recalled all those stories of daring robberies which had charmed his youth. Who was this stranger, so muffled in hat and cloak, and why did he secure, immediately upon entering, both door and window? With an instinct rather of protecting his mother than of being himself protected, Edward drew near her, drawing his boyish figure to its height in an attitude that would have been

Digitized by Google

pathetic had the danger been real. The mother stood silent, with far other suspicions crowding upon her mind.

The stranger, having completed his precautions, turned to her:

"This have I done," he said, "for your sakes, no less than for mine. Prying eyes must not discover the unbidden guest who has sought your shelter."

These words somewhat relieved Edward's mind, and his fear changed rather to curiosity as the gentleman, throwing aside his cloak, stood confronting the boy's mother. He was tall, and his gray hair and commanding presence spoke somehow of dangers seen and wide experience gained.

"Has Agatha Plowden forgotten me?" he asked, quietly.

"Agatha Plowden!" repeated Mrs. Manners, as though she were speaking in a dream. "I have not heard that name these twoscore years and more."

The stranger laughed:

"Those twoscore years have ploughed some furrows in my cheeks and sprinkled an untimely

Digitized by Google

frost upon my once black hair, but surely you remember William Douglas?"

"William Douglas?" cried Mrs. Manners, starting forward, her cheek flushing and her eye lighting. "My husband's friend, who enabled him to escape from an English dungeon, and the brother of my dearest Eleanor Whitely! William Douglas, but you are welcome here."

"I ventured to hope so much," said the stranger, with some emotion.

"But," added Mrs. Manners, with a glance at the luggage upon the floor, and a second and scrutinizing one at the stranger's appearance, "I did not know, I had not heard—"

"Nor shall we speak of it," responded the gentleman, with a glance at Edward, "but so it is, so it has long been, and therefore have I entered with precaution."

"Right heartily welcome are you," repeated the lady warmly, "and I trow most safe with us. Prying eyes there are none. My servant Abigail, and her husband, Toby, are of us. My son has no tongue when I bid him to be dumb. Edward, convey our guest to the best chamber.

Digitized by Google

the while I confer with Abigail, that some food may speedily be set before him."

Edward was full of curiosity. He never remembered a visitor having come to their house, except one or other of the townspeople, and that on rare occasions. And when this stranger sat down to the comfortable meal which had been served in the living-room, whither he and Edward presently returned, the boy perceived that he made the selfsame gesture which his mother had taught him to do before beginning a meal.

"I thought no one did that save Abby and Toby and us," reflected the lad, and he could not help casting many a glance at the stranger during the progress of the meal. The talk was on indifferent subjects, interspersed with references to people of whom he had never, or but vaguely, heard. But when Edward had bidden his mother good night, and retired to his room with the sloping ceiling, and the lozenged casement looking out upon the stars, Father Douglas informed Mrs. Manners that he was on his way from one tribe to another, according to custom, but having found the roads in many

Digitized by Google

places utterly impassable he was obliged to turn aside for at least a short rest.

"I fain would reach them at the earliest," he said.

Mrs. Manners shook her head.

"Tarry here," she said, "if you would not risk the fate of so many who have perished in the winter storms. Remain till the roads are once more open, when it will be possible to proceed with safety and dispatch."

"Why, I had thought but to trespass a single night upon your bounty," said the traveler, gravely, "for many storms have I encountered and many a trackless path traversed during these thirty odd years of my missionary life. But I am growing old, and my powers are failing me at last."

He paused, looking into the fire with a momentary sadness on his face.

"Moreover," he added, "know you not that my presence here is in some sort a menace to your household?"

"It shall remain unsuspected," said Mrs. Manners; "there is an oratory near the roof, upon which you may turn the key, leaving all

Digitized by Google

those sacred objects you carry with you in safety. In the sleeping-chamber you occupy is a concealed outlet to the garden, purposely contrived for emergencies. In the floor near the west wall shall you discover a rude trap-door, by means of which you may pass secretly to the garden, but it were wiser to take the air after nightfall. Your repasts may be, if further secrecy is required, served in your apartment by Toby."

Father Douglas still hesitated.

"I have had priestly visitors ere now," continued the lady, "though not, alas! for many years. Reflect upon the happiness to me and mine. It is nigh onto twenty years since last I heard Mass. My son has never yet assisted at that most holy rite."

"But what return can I make to you, most noble friend," said the priest, "who so freely, for my good, would expose your household to the most vexatious consequences, were my presence here, and, most of all, my ministry discovered?"

"Speak not of return, I pray you, Father," said Mrs. Manners, "for will it not be for my

Digitized by Google

soul's welfare and that of my son and the servants? And there is yet another boon which I may crave, should you accede to my request and defer your journey."

"It is granted, most generous friend, before it has been put into words," said the priest, smiling.

"Edward's education has been, in truth, most sorely deficient. Lessons he learns from an old dominie who has taken up his quarters in the village, but his learning does not keep pace with his zeal. What an inestimable favor would it be to me, if you would during your residence here instruct the boy, accepting a poor offering for your missions!"

To this Father Douglas readily assented, though he declared that it was rather he who should pay for this privilege, no less than for this secure shelter while the roads were impassable and his journey to the Mohawk missions well-nigh impossible, in his enfeebled state. It was further agreed that during his residence amongst them Father Douglas should map out for Edward such a course of studies as he might pursue with his mother's assistance.

Digitized by Google

This incident of Edward's youth has been here introduced, not only because it was, as has been said, to have an influence on his after-fortunes, but because it inspired him with a love for study and enabled him to obtain something more than the smattering of instruction which was then attainable by the sons of those early pioneers.

"Knowledge is power," was a maxim impressed upon him by the venerable missionary, who at the same time kindled the boy's imagination by his discourse about many lands and people, enlightened his ignorance, and gave him a taste for all noble and manly things. Father Douglas fostered in his young charge, during those all too brief weeks of his visit to the homestead, those heroic ideals which are the proper heritage of the Catholic, from whatsoever race he springs.

The residence of the missionary there had given rise to curious reports about the Manners dwelling. It was alleged that in dim starlights, or under the wan light of the waning moon, a figure was seen to glide about the house with white locks flowing and hands

Digitized by Google

clasped as if in prayer. Many were the conjectures thus aroused, but happily a feeling of superstitious dread kept the curious away, after nightfall, from the quaint garden where the spectre was said to wander, and from the neighborhood of those fitful lights which gleamed out from unused parts of the dwelling. Those who were intimate enough with Mrs. Manners to put any question to her upon the subject were few and far between, and their questions were always met with a laugh and a jest.

"Were I in Salem town, I might even pass for a witch myself," she said upon one occasion, when an elder of the parish had called on a visit of inquiry. But the joke was ill taken, as being a meddling with sacred subjects.

"Have a care, Dame Manners, have a care," said her visitor, "there be witches writ down on the sacred pages, so that we may not disbelieve."

"Well, worthy Master Hezekiah," said Dame Manners, merrily, "witchcraft be not my trade, nor will I pry into mysteries beyond me. In truth I do never enter mine own gar-

Digitized by Google

den after the first star peeps from the blue." (This was true, for prudential reasons.)

"It has an ill name, that garden," said the elder, solemnly, "and perchance it were best that the true professors should investigate."

"May it please their worships to apprise me as to the hour of their coming, that I may be present at that fearsome rite," said Dame Agatha Manners, demurely, but there was upon her lips the ghost of that laugh which, sixty years ago, had won for her the reputation of being the merriest lass in her native Maryland.

The professors, no doubt for reasons of their own, never investigated, and so one April morning, when the shy violets of the wood were raising their pretty heads to the dew of the dawn, the white locks of the priest waved for the last time in that garden, where presently his vacant place was filled by scarlet poppies and prim sunflowers, and taking leave of them all, and giving his blessing to the kneeling group, passed on his way, through deserted by-paths, to the confines of the colony, whither Toby insisted on

Digitized by Google

accompanying him that he might carry his luggage.

"In that manner do you most strictly obey the law," laughed the priest, "for I, being of an alien religion and having no license here to minister, deserve only to be led to the frontiers of the State."

"God's blessing go with your reverence, and bring you back to us," cried old Toby, "for no evil laws do I obey, wherefore will I most gladly convey you once more to the dwelling of our honored Mistress Manners."

And so they parted, and Father Douglas passed over the boundaries and into another State, still in pursuit of his dearly loved savages. And so passing went out of the lives of Dame Agatha Manners and her son and their household. For an illness presently seized upon his shattered frame and he passed onwards over another and greater boundary. A packet containing the news of his death, with a slight memento for each of his friends, was received scarce three months after his departure. Now the remembrance which Edward received was a curiously wrought reliquary of red cornelian,

Digitized by Google

set about with a rim of gold and containing a holy relic. And this gift Edward forever wore, not foreseeing, however, that it would have any bearing on the varied events which were to mark the next few years of his life.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING CHARTER.

It was in the month of October, when all the forests were golden brown, with bright masses of scarlet here and there, and sumach berries ripening to their full in crimson clusters, and skies, pale orange, red and purple, quivering out of blue. Edward Manners had been all day in a state of the greatest excitement. He had run in and out of the house, planting himself from time to time upon a knoll which stood at some little distance, and disturbing his mother with questions and exclamations. At last he cried out:

"They are coming!" and started on a run toward the high street, returning, however, to invite his mother to accompany him. This she was induced to do, more for his pleasure than

Digitized by Google

for her own, and putting on her mantle of flowered taffeta, for there was a chilliness in the air, and her bonnet with its ribbons of corn-flower yellow, she took her son's arm and set off to see the show. They made a noticeable couple, the mother, tall and stately, with a grace that belonged to the women of her century; the son, eager, alert, inheriting his mother's height, with a breadth of shoulder which spoke well for his strength, a proud carriage of the head, which was thrown backwards unconsciously when he was excited or roused to enthusiasm, his complexion, clear, though dark, his black hair brushed back from a high and broad fore-head. And so they stood, mother and son, to behold that train go by, and so were they ob-served by the haughty Sir Edmund Andros, who sat motionless and upright in the carriage, with his wife, the Lady Mary, statue-like at his side.

"Oh, how fine a lady!" cried Edward under his breath, having never seen the like before.

"She was an earl's daughter," said Mrs. Manners, quietly, for she had beheld many a fine lady in her time. The keen eye of Sir Ed-

Digitized by Google

mund noted the pair, but the carriage swept on, following those gay outriders, while the members of the suite came after on stallions, with much bravery of gold bridles and jingling spurs, which, with their swords, made a clanking as they rode. Sixty British regulars formed part of the pageant, a menace to the freemen of Connecticut and a protection to this arbitrary ruler, who had come to take from them the charter which they had obtained under the luckless Charles I., and to declare their government dissolved.

Edward was dazzled by all this splendor, by the silver brocade of the Lady Mary, the mailed coat of Sir Edmund, upon which the sun shone as merrily as though its owner, like itself, had come to shower benefits upon this land of frost-bound winters and of much-enduring hearts. But the boy was full of the patriotic spirit. He had imbibed it from the orators who spoke from time to time at street corners, from the hunters who roamed the wild, free woods, and from the lads who played at mimic rebellion in their games. Some of the distrust which had encompassed mother and son as with a cloud had worn

Digitized by Google

away as years went on and Edward's bright face became familiar to the townspeople. All of it would have disappeared had they been seen at public worship, or could they have enjoyed the discourses of the eloquent Mr. Davenport and his co-laborers.

Edward could scarcely break bread that evening, so brimming over with excitement was he, and so full of longing to get away back to the neighborhood of the council chamber where sat the Assembly, debating the subject of the charter, or more properly indulging in a life-and-death struggle for the rights and liberties of the colony. Edward, having left his mother at home, in the afternoon had followed the procession to its destination, and had taken up a post of vantage in a tree, which had enabled him to hear, through the open windows, much that was being said. So that during supper he was able to give his mother an animated account of the speech of Governor Treat, who had set forth, with the force and fire of real feeling, the hardships by which the colony had been founded and which had given its freemen the right to liberty.

He expatiated upon that memorable journey

Digitized by Google

over mountain and moor, through forests and across rivers, describing the biting cold and the pitiless frost of a northern winter in a sparsely settled region. Edward, indeed, knew the tale by heart. For had not his mother in the long nights of winter, with the great logs burning upon the hearth, repeated it many times? So that he could have prompted the Governor in certain parts of his discourse, and have bade him tell, for example, that many of the ones who thus wandered were of gentle blood and of high station, who had been reared in softness and refinement. In point of fact, the Governor had little hope of moving the icily cold and impenetrable potentate, who sat and listened and spoke scarcely a word. The speaker was but gaining time. And so the night fell. Edward Manners had rushed back from the despised supper table and stood close to the court-house steps in the gathering darkness. His face was aglow, his eyes shone like those stars coming forth in the deep blue above. All at once he felt his arm gripped. He looked up. A stern-faced, resolute man was at his elbow, wearing the familiar three-cornered hat and plain, mili-

Digitized by Google

tary tunic. Edward knew him well. It was Captain Wadsworth, senior officer of the trainsband.

"You look like a lad of mettle," said this officer, hastily, "and I think I can trust you."

"Yes, sir," replied Edward, simply, "you can most surely trust me."

It was a proud moment in his life. His blood was up and tingling—there was fire in his veins.

"Hearken, then!" said Captain Wadsworth, "follow me to the assembly-room. There take your station at my rapier side. You shall presently perceive the apartment to grow dark, and at that moment something may be thrust into your hand. Seize upon it firmly, and out with you, full speedily. Await me in concealment, close to the dwelling of the worshipful Magistrate Wyllys. Do you take my meaning?"

Edward nodded. He could scarce speak for excitement. The officer held him for a moment with keen scrutiny.

"You will do as I have bidden you?"

"Aye," replied Edward, "I will do it."

"It is matter of grave concern," added

Digitized by Google

Wadsworth. "Life and death are in it. Canst hold your tongue afterward as before?"

"I can!" replied the lad. His brevity pleased the questioner.

"Come, then, for freedom, for the sacred rights of our commonwealth."

Edward entered unchallenged, Captain Wadsworth having exchanged certain signals with the guards. In the assembly-room, the rows of men, with flushed and eager faces, were turned toward that end of the hall where at a table sat Sir Edmund Andros, his full periwig framing his boldly cut features, one hand resting upon the arm of the chair, his eyes coldly scanning the countenances of those who spoke. Upon either hand were the chief officials of the colony and members of the Governor's suite. The light coming in through the lozenged windows had gradually faded, and the tall, silver candelabra were lighted upon the table whereon lay outstretched the charter. The flame of the candles gleamed upon the shining surface of Sir Edmund's steel hauberk, but left his face in shadow.

Governor Treat sat by, a spasm of excite-

Digitized by Google

ment contracting his countenance, ever and anon, as he called attention to some special clause of the charter, making an urgent appeal that it be upheld. Captain Wadsworth had drawn nearer and nearer, his soldier-like figure alert, concealed somewhat by the shadows which the candles failed to dissipate. Close to him stood Edward. Nor was there one in all that assemblage who so thrilled at the meaning of the scene.

Just as Governor Treat, with peculiar emphasis, referred to a special clause of the charter, there appeared to be a dimness in the light, so that some one, advancing, seized upon the huge snuffers to amend the flame of the candles. Suddenly the room was in darkness, and a moment's silence was followed by a very babel of confusion. Edward, his every nerve quivering, felt Captain Wadsworth steal forward, he following close at the rapier side, and in another instant a mass of paper was thrust into the boy's outstretched hands. Holding this to his breast with one hand, he groped with the right, the starshine from the windows guided him upon that difficult path, keeping close to the wall,

Digitized by Google

profiting by the disorder, fearing lest a light should be brought and he himself discovered and made prisoner. Sometimes an unexpected obstacle would arrest his progress, a seat which had been thrown down by some one springing up in alarm, once he stumbled and had all but fallen.

It seemed to him a very long time, though it was in truth but a few seconds, till he was in the open again, with that same deep blue sky above his head, studded with innumerable burning, glowing stars, and in his ears the rustle of the forest trees mingled with the buzz of voices and the clamor from within. For the gentlemen of Sir Edmund's suite had with one accord sprung to their feet with drawn swords, fearing treachery, though that potentate himself sat, calm and impassive, his right hand by a swift movement grasping his sword-hilt. The alarm was also given to the regulars without, and a moment later Edward would have found egress impossible. The Connecticut men, however, after a moment of confusion, had quietly resumed their places, and the voice of Governor Treat was heard calling at once for order and

Digitized by Google

for new lights to be fetched with all speed. No sooner was his demand heard than the candles were relighted with officious haste. Then there was a deep, ominous pause. All eyes were fixed upon the table. The parchment with its great seals of red wax was no longer there. The charter had disappeared.

Every man rose to his feet at once, save Sir Edmund Andros, who had grown pale with a deep and terrible anger. The faces of the Connecticut men were flushed with a fierce joy, which they found it impossible to conceal. Governor Treat was courteous, conciliatory and defiant all at once.

"Has that paper, sir, been removed by your orders?" asked Sir Edmund, turning upon him a look of sternest scrutiny.

"Most certainly not by my orders," replied the Governor.

"But with your connivance, your foreknowledge," said Sir Edmund. "I tell you, sir, this matter shall be brought to the royal ears, with condign punishment for the offender. For mark me, the charter shall be surrendered."

"I am powerless to surrender that which is

Digitized by Google

no longer in my keeping," replied the Governor, calmly, though not without some inward perturbation, and from that position he could not be moved. Argument was useless, threats of no avail.

"I know not whither it is gone," he repeated, which was true, seeing that Captain Wadsworth had not taken him fully into his secret.

Andros directed that search should be made of every man present and that scouts should be sent through the town, with proclamation directing that the parchment should be given up. But no document was found upon any man and yet all appeared to be in their places when the candles were relighted. Wadsworth still stood half in the shadow, and the row of faces seemed everywhere intact. Only, Sir Edmund whispered to one of his suite:

"I had fancied that one stood near yon window. Even the youth whom to-day I beheld at a street corner, wearing upon his breast a trinket of red cornelian set about with gold."

The gentleman so addressed stared at his master.

"Nay," he said, "there has been none here,

Digitized by Google

save these men of the assembly. I marked them as they entered. No youth was amongst them."

For, as it chanced, he had not observed Edward's entrance; the figure of Captain Wadsworth had wholly screened him from view.

"Strange!" muttered Sir Edmund. "Could it have been my fancy—and with that emblem upon his breast?"

Subsequent inquiries only confirmed what he had already heard. Scarcely any one had noted the boy's arrival in that dimly lighted hall, and in the midst of a heated discussion.

Meanwhile Edward sped swiftly to his destination, securing for himself a hiding-place behind the abutment of a wall. There he waited and waited with beating heart. He had guessed the mighty secret with which he had been charged. He felt the great seals in the darkness and the roughness of the parchment, and he seemed to see before him the stern face of Sir Edmund Andros demanding its surrender and ordering that he be punished with death. Every footstep caused his heart to beat almost to suffocation. Here he held the liberty, per-

Digitized by Google

haps the very existence of the town in those hands which hitherto had been busied only with a boy's pursuits. And what if any one should come and snatch it from him, and lead him away to those grim dungeons in Massachusetts of which he had heard so much, whilst his head, perhaps, should adorn a gibbet, a ghastly, grinning object?

But though the mad whirl of his thoughts conjured up these terrors he felt no fear, only an intense desire to hold and to keep that precious document and prevent it falling into the clutches of the oppressor. Few boys have such an experience. Their lives, for the most part, go by untroubled, or troubled only by clouds of their own making.

At last there came a tread, hurried, martial, resolute. Edward hoped and feared. He looked cautiously forth, and saw approaching through the gloom, with head erect, and face glowing with a stern joy, the leader of the trainsband, Captain Wadsworth. He paused uncertain an instant, but Edward was at his side, whispering breathlessly:

"Here am I, and here it be!"

Digitized by Google

"Brave lad!" cried Wadsworth. "Loyal of heart, swift of foot, and cool of head, as the waters of yon Connecticut."

He seized the parchment, eagerly, tremulously, and, followed by Edward, crept on a few steps and paused. The air was very still save for some distant sounds. All the excitement had concentrated in the region of the court-house. He looked up the street and down, his sharp scrutiny including the front of the house nearest at hand. But the dwelling of Master Samuel Wyllys stood dark and silent and to all appearance deserted. Wadsworth made a rapid movement forward and the document had disappeared into the cavernous depths of an aged oak-tree, which reared its tall form upwards, as it seemed, to the very firmament above.

"Be thine age the guardian of this charter of our liberties," said Wadsworth, addressing the oak, "as its youth has been its bearer, and let the manhood of us all sustain it with our lives."

Then he turned to Edward:

"Let us go hence," he said in the same op-

Digitized by Google

pressed tone, "we must not linger in this neighborhood, for none must divine that yon aged trunk conceals the missing parchment."

As they sped swiftly and by circuitous paths, they came at last to the shore, which, crescent-like, and deeply wooded, opened upon that broad stream. It ran dark and cold in the gloom, save where it was touched here and there by reflected lights from houses close at hand, or from the huts of the fisherfolk.

"Upon those banks should dwell freemen," said Wadsworth, "yonder is no stream for slaves."

He was laboring under an unusual excitement, as was evident to Edward, though he himself was still quivering and thrilling in every nerve with the joy of adventure, the mystery, the daring, and, so far, the success of this wondrous exploit.

"I' faith," said Wadsworth, laughing, as he took off his three-cornered hat to cool his brow, "it goes to the head like wine, boy, it mounts and bewilders the brain. For this night's work shall be remembered as long as yon river flows to the sea."

Digitized by Google

As Edward did not speak, the Captain presently continued:

"Mark you, lad, it is not that we shall have our freedom all at once. I make no doubt yon tyrant will plant his heel upon us, and seize our government. But it shall be for the moment alone. Our charter being preserved must one day regain its force, and I pray God that day be near."

As the tide of life seemed to be turning from the court-house, and voices and the tread of men were heard again in the streets, Wadsworth thought it best that he and Edward should separate.

"For your sake, my lad, it is better that no man connect us in his mind."

He laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder.

"And if there were a hunting expedition for the morrow and the next day it were well," he said, significantly. "The forest is a safe place. Conceal yourself from the hawk's eyes of Sir Edmund Andros, for who knows, seeing you, what he might remember? Perchance he has marked you in the court-

Digitized by Google

house and will bide his time to discover you again."

However, though Edward determined to take Captain Wadsworth's advice on the morrow, and by a prudent retirement into the woods escape any chance of detection, he now permitted himself a walk through the streets, listening to the muffled but often joyous talk of the men and women who formed groups at the street corners, evidently full of exultation. Once the boy saw three soldiers who had come in Sir Edmund's escort, standing about the selfsame oak-tree which had swallowed up the charter. For a moment his heart stood still; he fancied that all had been in vain and that the cunningly contrived hiding-place had been discovered.

But not so. The sturdy old tree gave no sign, and the soldiers were merely loitering there, making of it a resting-place for their uniformed backs, and conversing of the mysterious happenings of that evening with plentiful abuse of the colonists, especially those of Connecticut. Edward's mind being thus relieved, he became all of a sudden conscious that he had left his mother so long alone, and in ignorance of the

Digitized by Google

great tidings which he knew would so elate her. Running, with occasional leaps, for the relief of his overflowing spirits, he came at last to the quaint door and sounded the knocker. Being admitted by Abby, he found his mother sitting dreamily beside a small wood-fire. Her feet were crossed, so that the buckles on her dainty shoes shone in the firelight, while in her lap lay an old-fashioned book of devotion, which she had let fall in her reverie.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER III.

HOME LIFE.

EDWARD'S mother was to the full as much interested as Edward had expected in what he had to tell. Her eyes brightened, her figure was drawn to its full height, her face animated by varying emotions, as he described the scene in the court-house, and followed with breathless interest his account of the escape, of his waiting, of the coming of Wadsworth, and the concealing of the parchment in the friendly hollow of the aged tree.

"Where I pray God it may remain forever hidden to all enemies of freedom," ejaculated Mrs. Manners, fervently, "and for you, my boy, you have done nobly, I thank God, you have done nobly."

Digitized by Google

After a time, her enthusiasm was mingled with a touch of sadness:

"The struggle may be deferred," she said, "but it must come. This expedient, daring though it be, is but a makeshift. I fear me much, I fear me much. Yet the greatest safety is natheless in that inborn love of freedom in all of us who have suffered for its sake."

Then she fell to talking of far other things:

"Edward," she said, "in this calm and tranquil life which we are leading, there is much that concerns me deeply. You are young, full of a fine enthusiasm, full, I grant, of lofty thoughts, and inspired with that thirst of liberty which is in the air we breathe. But save during that brief season of Father Douglas' visit here, we have not known the ministrations of a priest. It saddens me that you should be deprived of that fountain of living water at which in my youth I freely drank."

Edward listened with something like awe upon his countenance. He reverenced and loved his mother with an absorbing affection, which the circumstances of their life had intensified. And she had implanted, as far as oppor-

Digitized by Google

tunity permitted, the seeds of faith in the boy's heart. They dared not be known openly in that place and time as Catholics, but, on the contrary, they courageously left it to be inferred by refusing to attend any service whatsoever held by the ministers of various denominations, either resident or in passage.

On Sundays mother and son had performed their devotions, being, of course, deprived of attendance at Mass, in a small oratory in the attic, where Father Douglas had ministered. There, attended by the faithful Toby and Abigail, Mrs. Manners always read aloud the epistle and gospel, with the other portions of the Mass, from her missal. And in the evening, again, the Rosary was said, with reading from some book of devotion. On such occasions, Mrs. Manners took pains to call before the mind of her son and the servants the Masses that were being said the world over in mighty cathedrals, with organ rolling majestically and prelates in purple or scarlet officiating, while the blaze of lights and scent of incense emphasized the sublimity of that wondrous act of worship, and gave meaning to that splendid cry of triumph

Digitized by Google

"We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory!" Again the mother described the Holy Sacrifice being offered in lonely wayside chapels, or at mission stations in savage countries, in leper hospitals, in prisons, on battlefields. Or she dwelt upon the beauty of the Vesper service, that solemn chanting in dim twilights, with the beauty of the Benediction afterwards.

So that these things, with their true meaning, were far more deeply impressed upon Edward's mind than if he had been at Mass and Vespers every Sunday. And the boy was a fervent Catholic, of a type more common, perhaps, in times of persecution than in these indifferent days of the present. His cheek would flush and his eye glisten at the story of the triumphs of the Church, and of her saints and martyrs, just as when he heard a tale of liberty and adventure concerning his native land. He had made his first communion during the priest's stay, and the awe and wonder of that event had never left his mind. In that attic chamber, with the first air of spring blowing the flame of the tapers, and the scent of the early flowers which he had gathered for the altar in

Digitized by Google

the room, and the light of a brilliant sunrise flooding all with gold, the solemnity of the priest's look and tone, the white hair, the unfamiliar garments, connected, in his mind, with those glories of which his mother unweariedly talked, and most of all the sublime event itself, had been impressed upon his memory in a manner never to be forgotten. No, that beautiful, poetical religion could never lose its hold upon his soul.

Still his mother was anxious, though she said now, musingly:

"Yet God provides for those who are faithful. I remember a very beautiful tale which was told me in my childhood—misname it a legend if you will. To me it is truth. It is a portion of that tradition of Maryland the Catholic, which the sire has bequeathed to his son. The tribes likewise know it, and in their language of nature do relate it with more color than may be done by us of a colder race."

"I pray you tell it, mother," cried Edward, drawing near, and half kneeling before her in the firelight.

"Once, in the darkness of night," began Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Manners, "a holy missioner, of whom in my day the reputation was exceeding great for sanctity, received a mysterious summons to attend the dying. Two youths were in waiting without, and the man of God, going forth, was led by them to the shores of the Potomac. There a boat awaited them, into which they entered. With swift and noiseless strokes it was ferried over the stream, upon which shone the moon, whitely. Horses stood ready upon the farther shore, and the trio mounting, the missioner was borne onwards to one who lay in sore straits, being, in truth, at the point of death. Having ministered to the passing spirit, the priest remounted with his guides, gained the bank, where once more the rushing stream was crossed. The missioner standing safe at his door would have thanked them. But the two had unaccountably disappeared before his very eyes, in the quiver of moonlight which fell upon the ground, nor were such youths known to any in that neighborhood. So that the priest was fain to conclude, and so has it been believed in the colonies of Maryland, that angels summoned the minister of God to at-

Digitized by Google

tend upon a soul who had prayed for a holy ending."

Edward had listened with his wonted eager interest. Such tales delighted him; they had formed his character, which already promised so nobly for his future manhood.

"I would that Father Douglas had tarried longer," he said, wistfully, "or that he had not so untimely died."

"Wishes are as the leaves of last year's forest," said Mrs. Manners. "They avail us naught. But it has been in my mind of late that I should send you hence for a time, at least, where you might enjoy the practice of our holy faith."

"Send me hence!" cried Edward, and there was surprise, sorrow, and a struggling joy commingled in his mind. It had been his dream to explore, to learn more of the great world, to travel, if no farther, through the colonies and Canada. That land had a fascination for these two lonely Catholics. Tales reached them of Lallemant, of Brebœuf, of Jogues, those knights of the Cross, who were performing deeds more heroic far than those inscribed upon

Digitized by Google

the pages of chivalry. The boy of to-day who reads of these things cannot realize the feelings of the boy who lived when these holy men were martyred, and not so very far, after all, from the scene of their labors. Yesterday, news might come that Father Brebœuf had gone to the Huron villages; to-day, the thrilling story of his death—of Echon, the lion of his foes, who ate his very heart to gain a portion of his courage. To Edward the martyr was a real person; almost he felt that he had known him. For Father Douglas had seen and conversed with many of those who had lent their life-blood to redden the soil of that distant wonderland. And the same Father Douglas had told many a tale of them to the eager lad beside the window of the priest's bed-chamber overlooking the garden, where in summer the tall poppies nodded and the sunflower turned radiantly to the gleaming heaven.

"But where should I go, mother?" inquired Edward, half fearfully.

"Upon that I have not yet overmuch reflected," Mrs. Manners said, sadly. For it was a grief to her to think of sending him forth alone,

Digitized by Google

and she knew not if her own strength would be sufficient to accompany him, even could she resolve to give up her quiet home in the shaded street of this Connecticut town, which had been to her as a haven.

"I have thought upon Maryland," said the mother, "and again was my mind turned toward Canada."

"Most dearly would I love to scour the great forests of that country," cried Edward, enthusiastically, thinking of the great game which he had been told abounded there.

"Nay, it is not a woodsman's life I desire for you," said Mrs. Manners with a smile. "Leastways, until you have ceased to be a boy. It is for those mightier reasons of which I have spoken that I turned to the Canadas. Yet, I misdoubt me, the settlements there are as yet insecure, and even the impregnable colony of Quebec has to fear alarms. So I must consider, and shall not at once make decision."

The firelight touched the buckles of her shoes, and she said, half-sportively, as if to change the subject:

"My nurse used even to declare that fire-

Digitized by Google

fairies leaped forth to settle upon whatsoever was bright and polished."

"There are no fairies, mother mine," cried Edward, with sturdy unbelief, for he was grown a great lad now and would not be vexed with such idle tales.

"Hoity toity, my unbelieving Edward!" cried his mother. "Who has told you that there be no fairies, and what then are those tiny sparks that, arising, glower in the darkness, and what be all the pretty shapes that disport themselves in greenwoods to charm our childhood and revisit our old age?

"But you are right," she added, with sudden change of mood. "In truth, there be no fairies. They are but the children of our longing for a world we see not. Nor do the witches ride their broomsticks, though an you go to Salem town, my Edward, you shall presently be shown one whom it is whispered has the evil eye, or, shuddering, some shall point to unhallowed graves, in unwholesome spots, where lie the late professors of those occult arts. Poor souls! an they had the powers laid to their charge, who should have found means to slay them?"

Digitized by Google

While the mother was thus conversing with her son and unfolding to him the plan which was slowly taking shape in her mind, other events were about to happen which were to alter her intention and at the same time in a measure to carry it into execution. Their talk, moreover, was interrupted by Abigail, who thrust in her head, which was presently followed by her portly person, to ask her mistress if it were not time she should have her evening posset of warm milk, sweetened and spiced.

"I crave your pardon, honored mistress," she said, "but the hour wears late, and Toby even now snores in the kitchen. For he has a drowsy head, has my man Toby."

Mrs. Manners glanced at the clock, which tolled away the hours with a dull monotony, equalling that with which the substantial buffet denied that time was passing at all, standing sturdily at gaze and proclaiming that naught had changed these fourscore years.

"It is ten o' the clock, my poor Abigail," said Mrs. Manners. "Had I perceived the lateness of the hour, I should ere this have rung

Digitized by Google

for you, having pity on Toby's heavy lids and on your own, my Abigail."

For signs were not wanting that Abigail had slumbered no less peaceably upon her side of the hearth than her husband upon the other.

"Nay, I did but nod and take a wink or two," cried Abigail, somewhat offended. "Mine eyes are of that stuff which keeps awake as long as needful. Did you but need me the long night through, why there I be, wakeful as an owl."

"Methink me," cried Edward with a laugh, "that if owls be wakeful in the night, they doze all day. But come, Abigail, good Abigail, and tread me a measure."

He literally danced over to where the old woman stood, and would have taken her up and down, and in and out of all the corners of the room, had not his mother interposed.

"Nay, Abigail's feet are a-weary, my son. She has trod this green earth for a three-score, at least, and she has toiled hard all the day."

But the old woman's plain features had expanded into a smile—mirthless and expression-

Digitized by Google

less, as though she had been a wooden image, yet it told of her love for the boy and her delight in his pranks.

"'Twas but yesterday the fairies hid your bonnet, Dame Abigail," cried Edward, gayly.

"Nay, master, nay, 'twas no sprite at all from hill or vale, though it did vex my spirit till I learned the truth," said Abigail.

"And 'twas a week since they stole into your dairy, to skim a pan of cream."

"Aye, that fairy was one of flesh and blood," cried Abigail, gleefully, "for Toby's eyes beheld him."

"Away with you now, good Abigail," cried Mrs. Manners, "poor old Toby may even roll from his seat to the floor, an you leave him thus long a-dozing."

"Nay, I propped him up with fagots on the settle," said the old woman; "but I will now fetch the posset, honored madam, and say God 'en to you and Master Edward."

In a brief space of time the house was silent, Dame Agatha having examined, as was her wont, each bolt and bar, each door and casement. For none knew when the dreaded

Digitized by Google

Pequods might lurk in the adjoining thickets. Then darkness fell upon that quaint and quiet homestead, save for the bats who came forth from the rafters of the attic like fell conspirators, and a mouse, who vainly sought in the superlative cleanliness of Abigail's quarters for food of any sort. Dame Agatha knelt long in her oratory that night, for her spirit was vexed with this problem she had set herself to solve, as to whether her son should go forth, and whether it should be with her or without her. Her heart said:

"I will even go with him, forsaking this haven where I have found refuge after storms."

But her judgment answered:

"Nay, let him go forth alone. The young bird must try his wings. The eagle will the more swiftly gain the mountain top an he be not impeded."

Edward, on the other hand, had scarcely touched the pillow, when he fell into the dreamless sleep of boyhood. Starting only once and sitting upright, for he fancied that a presence was in the room and that it spoke with the voice

Digitized by Google

of Captain Wadsworth. He looked about; all was silent. The spectral figure resolved itself into the garments he had worn during the day, and the voice was but the echo of the dramatic scene in which he had played a part.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IV.

THE ATTACK UPON THE TOWN.

DURING the week which followed Edward acted upon the advice Captain Wadsworth had given him, of which his mother heartily approved. For she knew well that the vigilance of Sir Edmund was lynx-eyed, and that had he observed the boy and were he to question him, the truth might come out, with the most serious results to all concerned. Therefore she readily gave her consent that her boy should go upon an expedition to last over several days, in the safe charge of one or two old trappers who made frequent visits to the colony. Those were days of delight to Edward. Meantime Sir Edmund had inquired once or twice about the boy, and was answered usually with the point-blank

Digitized by Google

ignorance of perfect sincerity, for many of the members of the Assembly knew nothing at all about the lad, and those who did were totally unaware of his presence in the court-house on the eventful night when the charter had been stolen. This, with a curious reason of his own, which had in it something of superstition, induced Sir Edmund to let the matter drop.

The old oak-tree had, meanwhile, faithfully guarded its secret, while Captain Wadsworth, after Edward's return, had never even mentioned the subject to his late assistant and, indeed, seemed to take but little notice of him. Sir Edmund had accomplished his purpose of seizing upon the government, declaring it under his jurisdiction, and leaving a deputy to represent him when he took his departure for Boston.

The town was fast settling down to its customary quiet, the boys and young men played at evening on the green, organizing mimic companies, bowling, wrestling, or running, while the maids, in quaint frocks made after the fashion of the day, strolled primly through the streets, usually in company with their mothers or other

Digitized by Google

matrons. These latter chatted and gossiped of the marvels of cookery and needlework they daily performed, while children played and dogs barked and birds sang. Only some of the men, like Captain Wadsworth himself, went about with compressed lips and lowering brow.

The Indians in the neighborhood had been a long time quiet, and unusually civil and friendly toward the white settlers. They had come and gone with their wares, obtaining entrance freely to the houses, and letting it be understood that many of the braves of the tribe were absent at the chase. Never had the town of Hartford been more peaceful than upon that autumn evening, shortly after the departure of Sir Edmund Andros. The red sun, descending, glinted gold upon the forest leaves, transforming them to dull copper color, and leaving a trail of splendor, through the thinning foliage, upon the forest paths and the heaps of decaying leaves. Stars came out, one by one, relieving the intense darkness but little.

The town was asleep in perfect, seeming security. Mrs. Manners, who, according to custom, had stayed up somewhat later than the

Digitized by Google

rest to see that all was secure and to pray in the oratory, stood looking over the tranquil scene, so familiar in its peacefulness, when all at once it seemed to her that she heard some sounds in the distance. What they were she could not precisely determine, but she soon became filled with an awful foreboding. Her hearing was acute, and she had lived too long amid sounds and sights of danger not to know when it was in the air. She passed swiftly down-stairs from the attic to her son's room. He lay sleeping, with one arm tossed out over the coverlet. She paused. It seemed hard to disturb so deep a slumber, but presently she laid a hand on his forehead:

"Edward, my son," she said, softly.

The boy started, rubbed his eyes and looked drowsily at her. It took him some time to awaken and to know who stood there. But the mother waited—the danger was not so pressing as that. When he was at last fully aroused, she said, quietly:

"Arise, dear boy!"

"But wherefore, mother?" he asked in wonder.

Digitized by Google

"I know not precisely, yet I fear," she answered.

"Fear!" repeated Edward. There was something in the word which appealed to his boyish imagination, giving him a thrill almost wholly of pleasure.

"When you are dressed," Mrs. Manners said, "come to the oratory. I will tell you there, and meantime from that height I will watch. Lose no time, I pray you."

He lost none indeed, and presently stood beside his mother, tall and resolute, near the window in the oratory, from which her glance, trained and quick almost as that of a soldier, was striving to pierce the darkness.

"'Tis even as I feared," she said, calmly. "The Pequods are in the town or, at least, upon its outskirts."

"The Pequods!" cried Edward, and it must have been the blood of many a martial ancestor that leaped within his veins. "But how can you know, mother?"

"By many signs," she said, quietly. "My first thought was that you might warn the Captain of the trainsband, but I fear me it is too

Digitized by Google

late, and that we must consider only our own defence."

"But is it, in truth, too late?" asked Edward, eagerly. "Can I not make my way, I who know each secret path?"

"The Pequods know them better. I misdoubt me that all paths of communication between the dwellings be cut off. And, if that be so, Christ save us all!"

She sank down before the statue of Mary, Queen of heaven, motioning her son to do likewise, and together they prayed a long and fervent prayer.

"It is from above that we must expect succor," said Mrs. Manners. "But we shall put on the oaken shutters with the iron bars, and make such other poor provision for defence as may be. We shall not as yet awaken Toby and Abigail. We suffice for the moment."

Together they proceeded from window to window, making all secure. No faltering nor hesitation here. When the task was done, Edward said suddenly:

"Mother, were it not for my terror of leaving you alone, I should go forth and seek, by

Digitized by Google

a path I know, to reach the Captain's house. Think, mother, if it were but possible to save the town."

She thought with far deeper thoughts than he could know, for were not Indian massacres, with all their ghastly details, still fresh in her mind, and had she not been herself in towns when that deadly peril lurked in their quiet streets? She looked at Edward. How handsome he was! How straight and tall, with flushed and eager face—and only seventeen! Surely, too young to die. She did not think of herself at all, or of what might occur in his absence. Besides, the dwelling once surrounded, his presence would avail little. Then the thought came into her mind of the helpless mothers of little children in the town, and she said:

"Go forth, my son, if you will, and seek a way to save the town. God's blessing will be with you."

He hesitated:

"I know a way through the old brook, under the alder bushes," he said. "It is scarce likely they have entered there, fearing surprises.

Digitized by Google

Only last week we played at soldiers in the path. I may defend myself, hide and slip forth again, more readily there than elsewhere. Perchance I may even escape their notice altogether."

Then he added in a low voice:

"But you, my mother— O God! should aught befall you while I am gone—"

"Your presence would do little to affect the situation," Mrs. Manners said, "and, in truth, this house may be one of the last to be attacked. So that in saving others, should you accomplish that noble purpose, we should ourselves be saved. In any case we bow to God's holy will. Hasten, in His name, on your errand of mercy."

Agatha Manners said long afterwards that it was the most terrible moment of her life when she barred the door upon the retreating figure of her son, who was swiftly lost to sight in a clump of bushes. Notwithstanding the extremity of her own danger if the Indians had got so far as that isolated dwelling, she kept the door open for some instants, and having barred it, reopened it again and again, lest Edward, seeing that the case was desperate, should re-

Digitized by Google

turn to seek for shelter. When at last she was convinced that he had indeed gone, she drew a sigh of relief. For she felt that an imminent danger and one which she had feared above all, had been averted. Had the savages been lurking near at hand, the opening of a door, the coming forth of a figure, could not have escaped their lynx-eyed vigilance. Hence they had not, as yet, full possession of the town.

She had a sense, too, that Edward was somehow safer out in the darkness, where he might be lost in its illimitable shadows, with trees, ditches, even the river itself with some chance boat, as a last resource. Yet ever and again a terrible fear came over her, and she knelt shuddering and weeping in the oratory, with visions of dark forms brandishing tomahawks and scalping their victims or leading them away for dire torments. She would nerve herself by the remembrance of helpless babes clinging close to affrighted mothers, and opening sleepy eyes to the horror of those dark faces bending over them. She heard the clock sounding on below and she had an impulse to go and stop it, as if time had suddenly come to a standstill, and

Digitized by Google

as if that inexorable voice urging it onwards were in some sort an aggravation of her misery.

Meanwhile, Edward, finding himself out in the night, had a feeling of elation, of freedom. He must conquer in this desperate enterprise, now that no walls shut him in. He must escape this foe, however wary. And he was urged on by the thought that his mother's life might depend upon the speed and safety with which he went. He had an almost unbounded confidence in Captain Wadsworth, and he felt that if he could once reach his house and give the alarm, some means would be found of saving the town. He found, too, that the Pequods had not, as yet, committed any overt act and were still biding their time, though he was soon convinced that their presence in or about the town was no idle dream of his mother's. He had reached the entrance to the dry brook which he intended to use as a path, when he perceived something moving within twenty paces of where he stood. Happily he was under cover, and the bushes were thick just there. He crouched to the very earth, his blood running

Digitized by Google

cold with a sickening terror, for he thought at first that he had been discovered. But no!

A file of Indians passed silently and swiftly, like shadows, through the night. In this way they were gradually possessing themselves of the town, taking up positions in the principal streets, forming, as it were, an awful cordon about it, before their principal force should leap upon the sleeping inhabitants, killing them, perchance unawares. Should they in the last extremity come forth from their dwellings to seek safety in flight, their retreat would be everywhere cut off. This was clearly the plan of campaign.

Edward was moved to desperation. He realized in a vivid flash those horrors which his mother knew by actual experience, and scarcely had the last of this shadowy train moved onwards a hundred yards, when the boy began to creep snake-like along the ground, through the tall grasses and the rushes surrounding the pool. Fortunately for him, the night wind kept up a constant rustle of trees and grasses, deadening the slight sounds which might otherwise have been quite sufficient to bring the foe upon

Digitized by Google

his trail. He dropped down the bank and waited, again in an agony of suspense, to satisfy himself in the first place that the brook had not been made a place of ambush and that his descent had remained unheard. He looked around. There was the pebbly bottom, with mud spots here and there from a recent shower, and there the alder-bushes, grim and ghostly, seeming to whisper together in the somber night breeze which stirred their branches. Yes, they were the selfsame which had been touched by the morning sunlight, when he and his comrades had so lately played at attack and defence.

Edward dared scarcely breathe, for he felt rather than knew by any actual sign, so silent were those ghost-like warriors, that the Pequods were stationed not many paces above him on the bank, and that a quickened breath might destroy him and devote the town to destruction. How long it seemed—so slow his progress—and would that row of alder-bushes never end! Once they had ended, his chance, he knew, would have come. For they ran, ragged, and gradually thinning, to the very base of Cap-

Digitized by Google

tain Wadsworth's garden. Then there was an embankment, somewhat higher at that point, to be climbed, upon which the grass grew sparsely; and the picket-railing of the garden, and then—

He went over all this feverishly in his mind, ending always with the conclusion that the garden would probably be a meeting-place for a large contingent of savages. He knew that they would surround that house of all houses and render forever helpless, if they could, the man most to be feared in the colony.

His conjecture proved to be correct. The house lay still and dark, giving not even the faintest sign of life. But there was life enough in the garden, as he knew after a cautious ascent to a point where he had a view of it. He saw the moving figures, stealthy and fierce, their feathers waving to and fro and their faces horrible in the starlight, with many-colored streaks. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he could perceive the wampum belts, and their horrible dependencies, a row of human scalps. Clearly his task was hopeless. Edward felt that he could never obtain entrance

Digitized by Google

to that garden, or if he did so, would be cut down by a blow from a tomahawk. He felt the hair rise upon his head and the cold steel of the scalping-knife at his temples, so swift is imagination to terrify the bravest.

But he never once thought of retreat, and as he lay and pondered, hidden by the top of the embankment and easily overlooked by a foe whose vigilance was concentrated on the house, an idea suddenly occurred to him. It seemed like an inspiration from above. He put into his pockets two or three stones of considerable weight, though not sufficient to impede his upward progress. Then he began to ascend the embankment, crawling an inch at a time, the earth giving and his feet slipping backwards. But he never relaxed his efforts, until at last he lay panting and exhausted outside the picket fence. His objective point was now a tree, with widespreading branches, which stood at one corner. If he could but reach the lowest bough, which hung temptingly toward him! It was a task of fearful difficulty. None but a boy, ignorant of half the peril of his situation, underestimating the vigilance of his foes, would

Digitized by Google

have dared attempt it. Cautiously, cautiously, he drew near. The Indians, fearing a possible surprise from the house, were alert, vigilant, in that direction, but they never dreamed of danger from the rear. Edward stood beside the tree. It was just outside the garden fence, sturdy and bold as that which had sheltered the missing charter. He smiled to himself as he remembered absurd stories he had heard in his early boyhood of genii who lived in trees. Perhaps he had something to do with them, for trees seemed to play a part in his life. He looked up. The leaves were still thick enough to afford a certain shelter, but the night wind howling above and shaking them ruthlessly, seemed determined to strip every branch. But this very wind was favorable to the boy's desperate purpose. Any sound made by him would seem as the rustle of the leaves, and he determined to act in concert with that howling blast. He grasped the tree with his hands and knees, and began to move upwards. Oh, what a moment it was, and what boy has ever had so thrilling an experience! A single false move, a crackling branch, a breaking bough, and his life

Digitized by Google

was not worth so much as the dead leaves strewing the path!

The thought occurred to him that his mother was praying for him at home in the oratory, and the thought gave him courage. For he seemed to realize that nothing can be done by one's own strength alone, but that heavenly friends would help him, and that the power of God was infinitely greater than that of these terrible savages. He prayed, simply and earnestly, as a child might pray, climbing the while and pausing lest those ears of unnatural keenness might overhear.

"God must be making them deaf," he thought sometimes, when it seemed to him that the slight noise he made must be audible through the whole garden. But at last he sat upon a bough well up in the center of the tree, and with the thickest of the yet remaining leaves to form a shield about him. He fixed his eyes on the window of Captain Wadsworth's room. In his boyish enthusiasm he had often regarded it with all sorts of thoughts about that brave commander. For like most lads of his age he was a hero-worshipper. The window

Digitized by Google

was so dark and so still. Why did not the Captain awake? How could he sleep with Pequods about his house, Indians encircling the town? Then Edward took a stone from his pocket and steadied his aim. He was regarded as a good shot, and one of the boyish pastimes of the town was striving to see who could fire farthest and with the greatest effect. He had won a prize offered, at one time, by this very commander, who now slept within an ace of so fearful a danger. Having steadied himself the boy suddenly threw the stone, with swift and sure effect. There was a crashing of glass, exclamations of affright from within, and then the sound of Captain Wadsworth's voice, he himself appearing in an instant at the window.

A glance was sufficient for those trained eyes, and the utter stupefaction of the Pequods, who knew not what had happened and fancied that some supernatural power had intervened, gave him a few moments' time. Then he rushed to the front of the house blowing blast after blast upon the horn.

Edward had also profited by the momentary surprise of the savages and by the general con-

Digitized by Google

fusion that followed. He slipped down from the tree, and fled swiftly along the embankment, not waiting to descend even into the bed of the brook. He was mad with excitement now, while the Indians, more and more bewildered by the sound of the horn, hurried involuntarily toward the street, where their services might be needed. Edward had another idea and he was determined, if possible, to carry it out. As he flew, he came to the church-yard wall, over which he leaped straight as an arrow. There was the meeting-house, which, Catholic as he was, he had never entered. But he was going to enter it now, and as he had often played in the long grass surrounding it, he knew his whereabouts. He made straight for the vestry window. Could he believe his eyes! It had been left ajar, probably through some carelessness of the verger, who was growing old. The boy did not stop to think of that, for he would have broken in the glass and entered in any case. Only that would have meant delay and noise.

He was in the dark church in a moment, and he groped his way, stumbling in and out among

Digitized by Google

the benches, by the fitful light of the stars, to the foot of the belfry stairs. The quiet of the place awed him and for a moment a sickening repulsion to climbing that staircase seized upon him. Superstitious fears, for which old Abigail was no doubt responsible, began to chill his blood. He felt his hair rise upon his head, as the moaning wind suddenly produced a weird, groaning sound in the bell-tower above. This fear was far less under his control than the terror of the Iroquois, and for a moment it caused the brave lad to flinch. Coming upon his mad excitement, it seemed as if an icy hand had suddenly checked his swift career. But the object which had brought him there must be accomplished, and the help which he asked in his simple, boyish fashion would overcome this fear as it had done the other.

Making the sign of the cross he began to ascend the winding, dusty stair, half-scared by each little window, as though it had been a human face. Then he grasped the bell-rope and gave one long, strong pull; then another and another. The clear tones of the bell gave him courage, and he knew that its sound at that hour

Digitized by Google

would tell its own tale to the people. Only fire or an Indian alarm could cause it to ring at midnight, and so he tolled and tolled, standing there alone, with the dark meeting-house below and the ghostly staircase windows between him and the outside world.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT OF WATCHING.

MRS. MANNERS had remained unmolested, though she had seen, through a chink in the shutter of the attic window, an occasional dark form glide by, shadow-like, and she knew not at what moment the house might be surrounded. She had awakened Toby and Abigail, for it was not meet that they should die in their sleep, if, indeed, death was near. The old man, once aroused, bore himself with amazing courage. He had been a fighter in his youth, and experienced in those skirmishes with the savage tribes who forever dogged the steps of the colonists. He brought forth his firelock now. It was well up in years, like himself, but he began to clean and load it, chuckling to himself as he did so:

Digitized by Google

"An they come, the hell-hounds, old Bess will have a shot at them. Aye, old girl, you'll whiz and whir. Red devils they be, but they'll not kill Toby Benson without his knowing why."

"Cease your clack," said Abigail, who was, as she said, trembling in her shoes and scared out of her wits. She feared that Toby's words might somehow reach out to those prowling savages and bring them down upon the house. But Toby heeded her not at all. He wagged his old gray head, and jauntily handled his gun, and brought up from his half-failing memory snatches of his old fighting days. Mrs. Manners had meanwhile kept silent. All her fears were concentrated upon Edward. The house, herself, even those harmless lives beside her, seemed for a time to fade away into insignificance. Then she reproached herself for her selfishness, and tried to cheer the two old people, and thought of some little device by which things might be made more secure. And Toby answered, valiantly:

"Have no fear, good mistress. Old Bess and I have drunk Indian blood before now, and

Digitized by Google

we'll keep them out, aye, marry will we, till Master Edward wakes the worshipful Captain Wadsworth from his sleep."

"Or falls asleep himself, forever," thought Mrs. Manners, with a shudder. "Can he ever reach the Captain's dwelling?"

Again and again she assured herself that it was a hopeless mission; again and again she rebuked herself for her want of faith in the overruling care of Providence. Surely her brave boy could not be lying out there in that awful darkness, could not be taken by those savage foes! Old tales would come back to her of the Indian doings; old memories of scenes and incidents which had been within the scope of her own experience. There was the time at Stonington, there was the Indian alarm at Salem, there were the disquieting rumors in the old Maryland days, that hostile tribes were coming up the Chesapeake in their war-canoes. Then, quite recently, there was the massacre at Dover, Waldron cut to pieces by savage butchery, the people overpowered and many captives carried away.

It seemed almost more than her reason could

Digitized by Google

bear, these conflicting thoughts, these hopes and fears which alternately took possession of her, while old Abigail's chattering teeth kept up a dismal accompaniment. The old woman kept very near her, showing a blanched face of terror, while old Toby, pathetically valiant, brandished his ancient weapon and took up a post of vantage to await the assault. Sometimes one or other of the watchers would put an eye to a crevice in the shutter. If it were Abigail, she drew back, shuddering and crying.

"Lawk 'a mercy, I do most believe I see them!"

"You see naught but the leaves a-blowin'," Toby would reply, applying his own eye to the crevice, or listening intently with his gun ready cocked in his hand.

"I will go up where a better view may be had," Dame Manners said, mounting the attic stairs again, for she was restless in her anxiety, and peering out with bated breath through the shutter which she half-opened. It seemed to her that, far off where the woods merged suddenly one into another, she could see phantom-

Digitized by Google

like shapes massed and swaying occasionally, as the grass in a meadow, or that a shadow fell on the path before the garden gate. The same foreboding, the same foreknowledge that the Pequods were in the town came upon her. The very silence seemed a bad omen, for silence until it is time to strike the fatal blow was the most effective weapon of the savages.

Her eyes, strained and burning, strove to pierce the darkness for some sight of Edward. It came to her with an awful terror that the silence proved his mission to have been in vain. Had he reached the commander's house there would be sounds of stir and bustle. Even the Pequods, finding themselves discovered, would surely make some demonstration and their wild war-whoop would assuredly be heard. She began to argue that her young son had fallen a victim in his effort to save the town, and that the cunning and malignant foe were even now concentrating every effort for one deadly onslaught. It seemed to her that Edward had been gone a very long time, that it must be very near morning, and that the light must presently penetrate into the forest, disclosing secret hid-

Digitized by Google

ing-places and revealing the foe in their hideous strength.

Her limbs began to tremble and her body to grow weak from the cruel strain, the relentless silence. She turned in that despair, which was gradually creeping upon her, to go down again to Toby and Abigail. For she could not remain long in one place, and as one moment since she had hated the sound of their voices, she now dreaded the stillness more. The faint light of the stars came in and showed her the statue, white and still, standing there upon the altar. The majesty and solemnity of that sculptured figure of the Virgin-Mother holding in her arms her Son, calmed the fevered spirit of this earthly mother, and she murmured:

"In Thee, O Lord, I trust. Mother, thou hast heard and art praying for us."

Suddenly the death-like stillness was broken by the sound of a horn blowing blast after blast. There was something eerie about it, re-echoed from the forest, as though some demon huntsman were there, mocking that other who had blown. Hope and fear began, again, to alternate in Mrs. Manners' mind. That horn must

Digitized by Google

be a signal. But from whom? It was not an instrument which Indian braves were likely to possess, or possessing, to use. And yet strange things were heard of them. There were always some in every tribe who had lived amongst the white men. The horn might have been a trophy of some late victory and might be even now used with superstitious readiness to announce the hour of a general assault. Mrs. Manners did not go down, but stood still with the window shutter in her hand, while up to her came the voice of Abigail:

"Mistress, mistress, be that the trumpet of the judgment day? Oh, I quake! I quake!"

Mrs. Manners made only an impatient gesture, as though Abigail could see, while Toby's cracked treble was raised in reply:

"More like it's the commander a-soundin' a warning." For Toby was an adept in all such warlike devices.

"Hold your peace, you Toby, and hearken!" cried Abigail, calling up again to her mistress: "Honored Dame Manners, I quake, I quake!"

"You quake, you quake!" echoed Toby, in derision, while Mrs. Manners, listening vaguely

Digitized by Google

to the singular duet from below, caught eagerly at the suggestion which the old man had thrown out.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it must be that God has shown us mercy, and that my precious Edward has reached the Captain's house in safety."

Abigail's resentment having got the better momentarily of her fears, she was heard again calling out to her husband:

"Yea, and I will even make you to quake, old dotard, if so be that is not the judgment-trumpet, and if we escape the axes of the red men."

"A farthing for your threats!" screamed old Toby, who was, however, in his calmer moments really afraid of his consort. "Continue to quake and quake as a timorous beldame you be, bold when it would beseem you to be timid, fearsome as a beetle when you should be bold."

"Alack, mistress, it be the knell of doom!" cried Abigail, for another blast from the horn had thrown her into a fresh access of terror, from which even Toby's reckless behavior toward herself could not distract her attention.

Digitized by Google

"It be the commander's horn!" cried Toby, shriller still in his delight, "summoning the men to the rescue."

"He hath lost his wits!" cried Abigail, but she no longer replied to him.

Mrs. Manners was now, like Toby, almost convinced that this was a signal to the townspeople. But she could not know whether Edward had arrived, and tortured herself with the fear that the news had been conveyed in some other way to the commander. Besides, how far would that blast reach? Not to half the effective fighting men of the place, and would it not throw them into uncertainty, without enlightening them as to its meaning? As she stood and listened thus with straining ears, the sound of the meeting-house bell rang out loud and clear on the midnight stillness, a sound which none could mistake. God be praised, the town would be roused, the fighting men under arms with the utmost speed, and the people in their dwellings forewarned against surprises. But Edward, oh, Edward! could she but know of his safety! Hope was, however, in the ascendant. It must in truth have been he who had given the

Digitized by Google

alarm. Every toll of the bell carried with it new confidence. Surely now her boy would return. He had fulfilled his mission and would not leave her longer in suspense.

Yet the dark hours wore away, and the dawn was at hand, with its pulseless chill, like the hand of the dying. Many sounds reached the homestead. The yell of the Indian, that indescribably fearful war-whoop, and the clash of arms, and the tramp of armed men. And still Edward came not. The light began to streak the forest, showing only the leaves lying in new disorder from the wind of the night before, and the branches grimmer and more bare. Mrs. Manners, going down-stairs, found Abigail asleep, with her head upon the lowest step, and Toby nodding over the firelock which lay across his knees. There was something ghastly in the appearance of the familiar room, something unnatural in the aspect of those two faces, showing so old and shrunken in the faint light that penetrated through the crannies in the shutters.

Mrs. Manners had kept many a vigil in her time, and fatigue had not told upon her as it would upon many others. Besides, her very

Digitized by Google

suspense and excitement helped to beat her up. She gently aroused Abigail and told her and Toby to go and get some rest. Then she herself sat down in a great arm-chair, which she drew toward a window commanding the street by which her boy would come, and having opened the shutter, fixed her tireless eyes in a straining gaze toward the town. And so the full daylight found her, and Toby and Abigail, coming hurriedly down to get breakfast, which their mistress would not touch. After which Mrs. Manners went forth into the town.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER.

WHEN Edward had tolled and tolled until he was certain that every inhabitant of the town must have been awakened, he stood resting a moment against the wall, panting after his exertions. Then he began to descend the stairs. His desire was now to return as speedily as possible to his mother, and lend her such protection as he could in case of attack. He cheered himself as he went down the winding stairs with the reflection that the doors and windows were most solid, and that Toby, though old, was a stout fellow, well versed in Indian fighting. When he had reached the lowest stair, groping and stumbling by the light which came in through the staircase windows, he became conscious that it was not only the benches which

Digitized by Google

filled the space between him and the entrance. The sense of a presence came upon him, and he shivered with that same superstitious dread which had made him fear to ascend to the belfry. But it soon became evident, as his eyes grew accustomed to his surroundings, that not one, but several figures were moving stealthily through the gloom, keeping between him and the door, and approaching slowly, cautiously, every step bringing them nearer, till he knew that in another moment they, whatever they might be, would touch him. He knew also by the cold air blowing in that it was not only the vestry window which was open now. He turned with a movement of horror to fly up the stairs again, and escape the dreaded contact with he knew not what. It was too late! His arms were tightly gripped as he was in the very act of turning, and tied with thongs of leather behind him, while all around swarmed tall and sinewy figures, with the war-paint streaking their copper-colored faces, feathers erect upon their heads.

They spoke no word, but there was a fiendish triumph upon the face of one who seemed to be

Digitized by Google

the leader, and he gesticulated upwards, as if saying that he had caught the daring ringer of the bell. Swiftly they passed out into the darkness through a side door which the first savage, entering by the window, had unbolted from within to admit the others. Two of the band kept Edward between them. The boy felt the night air blow freshly upon his face, and the familiar odor of the decaying leaves in the forest came to his nostrils, but he seemed as one in a dream, being hurried onwards he knew not whither. Their course was so rapid that even the familiar landmarks gave Edward little clue as to the direction they were taking. He was already worn out by his exertions of the night, and this rapid march was in itself a considerable hardship. Once or twice he tried to address his captors, but they remained stonily silent, urging him on the more.

They came at last to a point at some distance up the river, where several canoes were concealed in the brushwood. Here there was a pause, and the leader squatted down upon the ground with most of the braves forming a circle around him. Edward still stood before them

Digitized by Google

with fettered hands, whilst the warriors, after a brief consultation in their own tongue, of which the boy understood only an occasional word, began deliberately to mock and insult him. They sprang to their feet, dancing about him and throwing at him what were evidently opprobrious epithets. Sometimes these were accompanied by a sharp buffet on the cheek, which not only reddened the skin, but sent the hot indignant blood to Edward's temples. At each of these performances the chief grunted his approval.

"Dogs! Cowards!" cried Edward, driven desperate. But they, in return, made horrible grimaces at him, struck at him slightly, with the point of their tomahawks, so as to scratch the skin without doing harm. For it was clear that they meant to take him away with them into their country, where he would be a target for the children and young braves, and die, as so many had done, at the stake. Something like despair filled the boy's heart, but he determined that, come what might, he would show no sign of weakness to these cowardly tormentors.

Digitized by Google

They lit torches that they might the better see the expression of his face, and, perhaps, burn him from time to time, as was their usual custom in such cases. But scarcely had the light of the torches fallen upon Edward when there was an exclamation from a tall dark figure which stood near, taking no part in the proceedings.

Whether from weariness or indifference he had leaned upon his bow, in the shadow of a tree, seeing, though not seeming to see, what was going forward. As he started toward the boy, the other savages paused and waited, while Edward made a quick involuntary movement to shield his throat, fancying that the great, dusky hand of this warrior was about to clutch it. To his amazement, however, he perceived that it was directed toward the cornelian heart in its rim of gold, which Edward always wore upon his breast. A pang went through him to think that this gift, which that beloved friend of his childhood had given him, should fall into these savage hands.

But the Indian did not touch it. He stood pointing at it with outstretched finger, as one

Digitized by Google

spellbound. He bent his head, until his hot breath fanned the captive's cheek, and his glittering eyes were fixed upon the reliquary. Then, with a strange sound, between a gurgle and a groan, he fell upon his knees and touched his forehead to the ground in token of respect. A great awe had fallen upon the savages. Each one stood rigid, as though he had been suddenly turned to stone, gazing upon the warrior who thus prostrated himself, and with a mingling of fear, curiosity, and respect, at Edward. The chief, sitting under the tree, gave no sign of life, for it would be beneath his dignity to show curiosity.

Presently the prostrate one arose and began a rapid harangue to the chief, pointing frequently to the sky, to Edward, to the reliquary, and interrupting himself, to bow several times before the boy, at last taking off a couple of his feathers and offering them in token of submission. Immediately, the chief under the tree arose and bowed profoundly to Edward, as did, one by one, those savages who were so lately tormenting him. Edward knew not whether this was a newer and more elaborate form of

Digitized by Google

mockery, but he could only wait, mute yet watchful, the course of events.

At last the Pequod who had discovered the reliquary began to speak to the prisoner. To Edward's intense delight, he now addressed him in very tolerable English.

"Young Eagle of the pale-faces," he said, "we are thy children. Thou art our father!"

Edward thought this was rather a mixing up of things, but he still listened in silence.

"We pray thee not to harm us," continued the spokesman, "nor cause the Manitou to strike us; for that has Wequash given thee feathers from his head. We know that those of our brothers were right who believed that it was the magic of a great medicine man which has spoken from the tower, and caused the war captain of the pale-faces to awaken from sleep, with a mighty sound as of a tempest in the forest. Montowese—"

And here the orator indicated, with a wave of his hand, the chief who sat under the tree and who bowed his forehead to the earth as Edward's eyes rested upon him:

"Montowese is young. He knows not the

Digitized by Google

magic of the pale-faces—he has heard the spirit speaking in the wooden house, and seeking has captured the Young Eagle of the pale-faces. Our old men and the braves who have wisdom knew better, and they fled when the spirit spoke. Open thy lips, now, I pray, and tell us thy will."

Edward, uncertain, as yet, whether this might not be a part of their jest, resolved however to play his part boldly. He made a movement with his hands showing that they were still fettered. A dozen braves started forward to cut the thongs.

"Young Eagle," continued Wequash, "when I knew thee, thou wert still old, thy locks were gray, and the hair upon thy chin was silver. Thy magic has made thee young and thou art a brave. No longer dost thou wear a gown. O mighty is thy power!"

Edward began to think that the huge, solemn figure was crazed, but the rest of the warriors bowed their heads crying, "Ow! Ow!" in token of assent.

"Though thou art white, and we are red," went on the Pequod, "our hearts are joined together. When we have acquainted the people

Digitized by Google

of our tribe with thy magic, our children from generation to generation shall remember it. For, lo! is he not a great medicine man who changes age to youth? Upright was thy discourse, straight thy tongue. Thy memory still lives among us. This bond is but slight and may be broken."

He had snatched up one of the thongs lately binding Edward's arms and snapped it across his knee to illustrate his meaning.

"But we have iron chains to bind thine enemies. We shall not harm aught that belongs to thee. But we pray thee, now, speak that we may know thy will."

"Then know, O Pequod," said Edward, "that I would return with all speed to the dwelling of my mother, who still awaits me."

An uneasy look passed around amongst the savages at these words, and there was a silence, full of suspense to Edward, though he now felt convinced that his life was safe.

The chief who still sat under the tree, and who had been addressed as Montowese, now began to speak, Wequash interpreting his words:

"Great, young-old medicine man, who art at

Digitized by Google

once the chief of the black gowns, and Young Eagle among braves, we may not grant what thou hast asked, until seven moons have passed, else would much misfortune befall our tribe. For our wise men having foreseen the future, which is dark to us, declared that the first captive taken must remain with us seven moons, or that our tribe should taste of death. But in all else we are thy brothers, thy children, and I offer thee this feather, as a token thereof."

He took from his head a single feather, which stood erect and apart from the rest. Edward, receiving the feather, asked the interpreter if there was no appeal from this decision, and Wequash, with many flowery phrases and compliments, informed him that it was final. Edward then desired that a message should be sent without delay to his mother, telling her that he was well and safe. He was forced to make the message brief, with no details at all, both because of the difficulty of writing with the point of a knife upon bark, and because he knew well that the Pequods would not permit him to name his destination or where he was at the time of writing. A young brave was chosen from the band,

Digitized by Google

partly because he was unusually fleet of foot, and partly because he could speak English. To him Edward delivered the piece of bark, significantly touching, at the same time, the reliquary. So great was the young Indian's terror at this gesture that he could scarcely be persuaded to take the message from Edward's hand.

"Swift be thy course," cried the interpreter, "to the lodge of the Young Eagle's mother. Let thy feet have wings lest the wrath of the great medicine man overtake thee."

Edward having briefly explained to him how he should find the house, which was one of the few having a garden attached to it, the messenger bounded into the forest and was speedily lost to sight, while Wequash explained to Edward that he must now accompany them in their canoes, which were being launched into the water.

"Often hast thou abode with us, O Eagle," said the warrior, "and taught our children and sprinkled water on their head. So now, again, thou wilt dwell with us, till seven moons are over, and then shall the war-canoes of Sassacus, the great war-prince, who rules over twenty of

Digitized by Google

our encampments, bring thee again to the wigwams of the white men."

Edward, seeing no other course open to him, and with a curious thrill at thought of the strange adventures which awaited him and that he was really going forth into life, though not precisely as he had expected, signified by a gesture that he would go with him and stepped into Montowese's canoe. It was a strange experience, the swift, gliding motion of the boat on the surface of the broad stream, with the fading stars, one by one, sinking out of sight behind the distant hills, and the first whiteness of the dawn stealing into the sky. Edward's mind, which had been in a whirl, began to grow calm, and he puzzled out for himself the strange delusion concerning him under which these savages seemed to labor. In the first place he saw that they regarded the reliquary as an amulet or charm. In the second, it seemed clear that Wequash, at least, had seen it before. He must, then, have known Father Douglas in his mission work amongst this people and, at present, believed that the missionary had reappeared under a new form. This idea so tickled Edward that

Digitized by Google

he suddenly burst into a loud laugh. The savages showed no sign of mirth whatever, but gazed at their young captive in respectful silence, till his paroxysm of laughter had subsided. Then all was still again, and as they paddled on, Edward saw his way clear to maintain his ascendency over them.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESSAGE.

WHEN the blowing of the horn and the tolling of the bell had finally awakened the inhabitants of the town, there was at first the wildest alarm, bordering on panic. But happily the town could boast of many strong-nerved men, to whom Indian fighting had been a business from their youth upwards, and they prepared themselves sternly and desperately for the encounter. They knew nothing of the strength of the enemy, or of what would be the chief point of attack. Silence and caution were therefore the only effective weapons, with the barricading of houses and the preparation of all available arms. The massacre at Dover and the ferocious cruelty with which it had been accomplished were still in the minds of all. The similarity of

Digitized by Google

this night attack, without the slightest previous symptom of hostility to put them on their guard, proved that the same result had been anticipated here. The Pequods had hoped to catch the colonists unprepared, and to murder many of them in their sleep, whilst reserving others for torture.

One peculiar feature of the situation was that no man knew how or by whom the warning had been sounded. Even when a few adventurous spirits went forth and made their way to the house of Captain Wadsworth, he could tell them nothing, save that a stone thrown by some mysterious hand had shattered the glass of his window, and that he, awakening, and seeing how matters stood, had blown upon the horn. Now had this stone been thrown by some friendly hand or was it merely a challenge? This latter conjecture could not be correct, for the Indians had seemed utterly dumbfounded, and had not for some time found voice for even a single whoop.

Then there was the episode of the bell, which so far remained unexplained. There were not wanting many in the town to attribute all this

Digitized by Google

to some supernatural agency. Edward, in giving the warning as he had done, had accomplished quite unconsciously a twofold work. He had apprised the townspeople of their danger, and had so terrified the greater portion of the savages, who attributed the ringing of the bell and the breaking of the glass to magic, that they refused to fight at all. It was only the young Montowese with the more venturesome of his braves, who had dared to mock at the others, and had entered the meeting-house to prove that the bell-ringer was but an ordinary mortal.

As regarded the townspeople, the mystery was cleared up next morning, when, pale and haggard, but wonderfully composed and dignified, Mrs. Manners appeared at the commander's house. It was surrounded by a crowd of people, but the lady, passing inwards, asked to see Captain Wadsworth alone. He entered the room where she stood waiting, and she addressed him without preface of any sort:

"Captain Wadsworth, where is Edward?"

"Edward," repeated the officer in astonishment. "Your son, Edward? Of a verity I have not seen him."

Digitized by Google

"My God! My God!" murmured Mrs. Manners, under her breath, but aloud she asked:

"But who, then, gave the warning?"

"Who? Why, no one; that is—"

"Edward left our dwelling before midnight with that intent," said the poor lady, who had felt her heart sink at the Captain's words, and his evident ignorance of Edward's whereabouts. But a light broke in upon the commander's mind, and even the bronze upon his cheek could not hide the flush of emotion which mounted there.

"Dame Manners," he cried, "your boy is a hero. Now do I most clearly perceive all that has been hitherto dark. Edward Manners fired the stone, and I doubt not Edward Manners toiled the meeting-house bell."

Stepping to the door of the house Captain Wadsworth threw it open, and standing upon the threshold addressed the multitude of stalwart and well-armed citizens who stood without.

"Men of Hartford," he cried, "I pray give three cheers for Edward Manners!"

The men paused an instant, in their surprise.

Digitized by Google

They looked at their brave officer standing in the open doorway, and at the tall and still beautiful woman who stood in the background, scarce seeing or hearing, so deep was her anguish.

"'Tis he who has broken the window and rung the bell! 'Tis he who has saved Hartford town!"

Then there was a cheer indeed, a wild huzza, which woke the sleeping echoes, and was caught up by the forest, and repeated in the hills about the town. Mrs. Manners heard it, but her set face never relaxed. It were well, indeed, that her son had saved the town, but, O God! where was he and what had been his fate?

"See you, Mistress Manners," said the Captain, "we shall forthwith dispatch scouts to seek your son on all the outskirts, and messengers with bell-ringing to make proclamation through the streets in case he should lie hidden."

Mrs. Manners shook her head. She knew full well that no scouts would find him, and if he had been hidden, he should long ere this have discovered that the Pequods had retired panic-stricken and demoralized, and have come forth

Digitized by Google

from his place of concealment. And she also knew that in his heart Captain Wadsworth was of the same opinion.

"May the holy will of God be done," she said aloud, scarce conscious that she had spoken. Captain Wadsworth looked at her with some curiosity. These people were said to be Papists, and of Papists he knew little, save that he had been told that they held damnable doctrines, and would overturn the State if that were in their power. Yet here had this Papist lad, with his mother's knowledge and consent, risked his life to save the town.

"Aye, and it be not the first time he hath done it service," muttered he, thinking of the affair of the charter. And here was this lady, noble and dignified, bearing up under this intolerable weight of grief and suspense and breathing simply that sublime prayer: "The holy will of God be done!"

"Strange, aye, passing strange!" he muttered. He sent out his scouts, however, and a proclamation through the town asking for tidings of Edward Manners. But none had any news to give, though mothers raised up their

Digitized by Google

hands in benediction when they heard of his bravery, knowing well from what fate it had preserved them and their children—yes, and their husbands and brothers, too. Mrs. Manners, meanwhile, went wearily home, and sat down utterly exhausted and bewildered, uttering only an occasional prayer, eating nothing, and waiting without hope. Abigail pressed various delicacies upon her, and at last, yielding to the old servant's importunities, she drank a cup of broth slowly and painfully, for it seemed to her that that lump in her throat and the oppression around her heart would not permit her to swallow.

Once she arose from her seat at the window commanding the road, and looked vaguely out upon the garden wherein, at evening, Father Douglas used to walk, and concerning which that legend had arisen in the town. It might be haunted now by the ghosts of many a dead flower, for the stalks of the poppies stood motionless in that breezeless afternoon, whilst a sunflower, here and there, lingered withered and all but dead, hanging its head in shame, as if to avoid the glances of its late idol, the sun. The

Digitized by Google

paths were strewn with leaves, as wrecks upon a storm-swept shore. There was an indescribable appearance of languor and decay over everything which had once been young and flourishing and gayly green. It fitted so well with her mood that Mrs. Manners stood and gazed mechanically. The red sun was sending out flaming signals of departure, banner-like clouds of crimson, trailing amongst masses of gray, and breaking at times into gleams of gold or iridescent color. For the long day had worn to its close.

Mrs. Manners, looking idly out, became suddenly aware that something which was neither a poppy-stalk, nor the swinging, helpless branches of the sunflower, was moving in the garden. Something was writhing and twisting in the bushes, advancing, as it seemed, toward the house, and that something presently resolved itself into the figure and face of an Indian, hideous, streaked, but boyish and youthful. Mrs. Manners suppressed a cry. Most of the doors and windows were still tightly closed, but the one before her as well as that which she had just left, were unshuttered. With a hasty call to

Digitized by Google

Abigail to shut that other which stood open, Mrs. Manners seized the shutters before her, in both hands, resolving, however, to be aware of what was happening without, and whether this savage were alone.

Her very suffering gave her calmness. Did anything matter now? Moreover, a curious feeling came over her that the presence of Indians brought her son nearer. She might obtain from them the news which she vainly sought from the townspeople, and if they were still lurking in the neighborhood Edward might be with them, and something might yet be done. As she watched and waited it presently became evident that this savage was quite alone. He had gradually drawn himself to a standing posture, taking careful note of his surroundings, and especially observing Mrs. Manners at the window. Had he, then, come as a spy? Another thought set Mrs. Manners' heart beating wildly. The boy might be a messenger bringing news of the absent, and if this were so, Edward was at least still living, and in no immediate danger. Forgetting all caution, she threw open the casement and thrust herself forward, beckoning to

Digitized by Google

the Indian, who fixed his watchful eyes upon her, but remained at some distance. Evidently he feared an ambush. In the background Abigail's voice was heard lamenting:

"Lawk a mercy, the mistress be gone clean daft, a-leaning out of window with the garden full of savages!"

Hearing this Toby came hurrying up with his firelock, and catching sight of the painted face, pointed the weapon at him. The Indian at once threw himself on the ground, keeping well out of range, while Mrs. Manners almost fiercely ordered the old servant to withdraw. For she now felt certain that here was news from Edward. She made amicable gestures to the savage, who arising to reconnoiter, and discovering that the musket was no longer in position, advanced in stealthy fashion, holding his head aloft, however, as if he had no thought of fear. He placed in the trembling hands of the lady the piece of bark upon which Edward had contrived to cut:

"Alive! Safe! Can not come back for many weeks. No fear. Edward."

The joy, the relief, almost overcame Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Manners. But she managed to make some inquiries of the scout, who spoke tolerable English:

"Great medicine man is he, the young pale-face brave," said the messenger, "great is his magic. For seven months shall he dwell in the land of the Pequods, to be a light in darkness. Then shall he return to the wigwams of the white men, and to the lodge of his mother. We are his children. No harm can befall him, great mother of the young-old medicine man."

Mrs. Manners was much puzzled by portions of this harangue, and had not even the clue to the Indian delusions with which the reliquary furnished Edward. But she felt that the news was good news, and she urged the Pequod to enter and partake of food, being anxious to show him her gratitude in every possible way. But the messenger had a wholesome fear of the fire-club of the white men, and also of the magic which he suspected might be lurking about this dwelling.

"My feet are turned toward the river," he answered. "I must go swiftly as the eagle

Digitized by Google

toward the sun, lest the magic of the medicine man overtake me."

Mrs. Manners called some questions after him as to Edward's whereabouts, and in what place he should spend the seven moons. The warrior would not answer, but with a graceful gesture of farewell and of respect to the mother of the medicine man, he retreated and was soon lost to sight, swiftly and noiselessly as he had come, for he had been waiting some hours in the garden till Mrs. Manners had appeared at the window, and desired now to rejoin his people before they had got too far upon the way. A mighty weight was taken off the poor mother's mind. She went up-stairs to the oratory for thanksgiving, then down again to the kitchen, where Toby and Abigail stood, doubtfully regarding her. Their minds were full of fears for her sanity, for neither of them had heard anything of her conversation with the Indian, and Abigail was not without apprehensions for her own personal safety.

"See you, good people," cried Mrs. Manners, "look and behold with your own eyes this precious message."

She advanced, holding out the piece of bark,

Digitized by Google

causing Abigail to retreat hastily behind the kitchen table.

"She be clean daft!" muttered the serving-woman.

"Look you, Toby," repeated Mrs. Manners, quite oblivious of Abigail's strange action, "'tis a message from Edward himself, old man."

"Oh, aye, my lady, and a blithe message it be," said old Toby, desiring to humor her.

"Blithe, indeed!" said Mrs. Manners, "the whole story is writ there. Safe! alive!"

She raised the bark to her lips and kissed it. Abigail's face was a study. Her terror of the Iroquois had been scarcely greater than that which she now felt for her mistress, whom she feared had gone distraught with grief and watching. Toby's demeanor convinced her that he was of the same opinion.

"Aye, it be a blithe message," repeated he, "and Abigail will even run over to the doctor's to tell him the good news."

"To the doctor's?" exclaimed Mrs. Manners in surprise, for the doctor was no particular friend of hers, adding however, "to the doctor's,

Digitized by Google

to the whole township, but, in especial, to the brave Captain Wadsworth."

"Oh, aye, to be sure, honored madam," assented Toby, "to be sure."

"But take and read," cried Mrs. Manners, thrusting the piece of bark upon Abigail, who dropped down by a dexterous movement, getting under the table, whence she eyed her mistress cautiously.

"Has she, then, lost her wits, good Toby?" asked Mrs. Manners in astonishment. "What has come to my poor Abigail?" And stooping down, she would have drawn her forth, but Abigail resisted stoutly.

"Away, avaunt, honored lady!" she cried, "'tis not my wits, but yours, which are wandering."

Mrs. Manners stood erect, putting her hand to her forehead. Could it be that this old woman was right, and that she had but dreamed, in some feverish hallucination, of the coming of the Pequod with news of Edward's safety? But, no, there was the beloved name, scrawled by himself. She addressed old Toby with some asperity:

Digitized by Google

"Surely, Toby, you that have some sense and manhood will believe when I tell you that here be Edward's name, pricked out by himself upon this piece of bark?"

Toby was half convinced by her words and manner. But as he could not read the piece of bark was a riddle to him.

"Go you, then, down to Captain Wadsworth bearing this message and telling him I would confer with him," said Mrs. Manners.

At this Abigail gave a shriek.

"I will not bide alone!" she cried, "there be savages without," and she added in an undertone, "a daft one within."

Toby felt the situation to be difficult. In the first place, if Abigail's fears were unfounded, he could not disobey his mistress. In the second place here was Abigail, already overcome by fright, and if there were anything in her suspicions, what might not happen in his absence? Still it was clear that Captain Wadsworth should be informed of the news, if, indeed, it were true, and in any case his presence would be a great boon at the homestead just then. He managed to get himself between the kitchen table and

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Manners, who stood turned away from them both, dreamily regarding that precious piece of bark, and smiling to herself almost as if she saw the face of Edward before her.

"Run," said Toby to Abigail in a hoarse whisper, "ensconce yourself in the larder, where you will remain till I return again, under lock and key."

"Hasten to begone, good Toby!" said Mrs. Manners.

"Aye, that I will, my lady," answered Toby, addressing the table again in an undertone.

"She will not harm you, nor can she do aught when once you be in the larder."

"What talk is that about the larder?" asked Mrs. Manners, absently. She saw that Toby was whispering to his better half, who presented a curious appearance crouching under the table as though she had been put into a cage. At any other time the merry Agatha Manners of bygone days would have broken out in her, and peals of laughter have rung through the kitchen. "I pray you, delay not, Toby."

"I go, I go, honored madam," he said, shuffling a few paces toward the door and shuffling

Digitized by Google

back again to tell Abigail to run. "And as to the larder—" He sidled close to his mistress and whispered— "I fear me Abigail's mind be a wee bit disturbed by these happenings, and I would for your safety immure her in the larder till I return."

"For my safety?" cried Mrs. Manners, and this time she did laugh. "Nay, nay, my poor Abigail, I will not have you immured in the larder. Come forth and tell me what ails you."

"Immured in the larder!" repeated Abigail, who was growing actually dazed. "God 'a mercy!"

But Toby, who desired to end the scene as quickly as possible, seized Abigail and dragged her forth from her hiding-place, running with her as speedily as his stiffened limbs would allow and stifling her exclamations and lamentations by the very haste of his movements. Having thrust her in, he locked the door upon her, turning to Mrs. Manners and saying, in the soothing voice he had adopted as best suited to that lady's supposed affliction:

"That be the best thing, dear mistress. She

Digitized by Google

will be safe as a trivet in there, till I come back again."

"Nay, but leave me the key!" said Dame Manners.

This request Toby pretended not to hear, and shuffled off to the door, through which he made a hasty exit. Mrs. Manners, laughing softly at the strange behavior of the pair, and at thought of Abigail in the larder, sat down to watch the old man hastening upon his way to Captain Wadsworth's house. His gait was something between a run and a trot and he held the piece of bark tightly clasped in his hand. Meanwhile Abigail kept very still in her safe retreat. The larder was a good-sized square room, with a window opening outwards and shelves running around all its sides. So that Abigail, seated upon a bench, was quite comfortable in there. Once or twice Mrs. Manners approached the door, calling softly:

"Abigail! Abigail!"

But the old woman kept cunningly silent. At last, however, she announced her determination:

"I be not coming out!"

Digitized by Google

"Nor can you," laughed Mrs. Manners, "Toby having possessed himself of the key. But have no fear; he will not be long absent."

"I be not afeard in here," said Abigail, "so in here I stay."

Mrs. Manners thought it useless to argue with her any farther, and, indeed, it was not long before Captain Wadsworth made his appearance, his soldierly strides far outstripping Toby's trot. While the Captain conversed with Mrs. Manners, Toby approached the larder door, into which he inserted the key.

"Away! away!" screamed Abigail, not knowing who was there.

"Away yourself, beldame!" cried Toby, "and suffer me to unfasten the door."

For he felt that Abigail had thrown her weight upon it at the other side.

"Oh, be it you?" cried Abigail, relieved.

"Aye, it be I," snapped Toby, "and I bid you to come forth."

"You bid me!" echoed the now irate woman, who was beginning to recover from her fear.

"Yea, I bid you," repeated Toby, with an unwonted accent of authority. "Come forth with

Digitized by Google

all speed, and quit demeaning yourself like a bedlamite."

"A bedlamite, quotha!" cried Abigail, showing an angry face at the half-open door.

"When our honored lady," grumbled Toby, scared a little by the familiar sight of her, and less brave than when the door had been between them, "has heard news from our precious Master Edward, here be you losing your wits, crawling under a table and having to be locked up for our mistress' safety."

"Losing wits! Locked up!" repeated Abigail, with concentrated rage, "and who was it that bade me get into the larder, and that spake to our lady as if she were an infant in long clothes? Who was it, I say, old dotard?"

"Come forth!" repeated Toby, majestically, for he was not anxious that his share in the general misunderstanding should be made clear.

"I'll come forth, or I'll stay in, as pleases me best."

Mrs. Manners here interposed, bidding them be silent and to proceed to the kitchen. For though she and Captain Wadsworth had smiled more than once over this very audible interview

Digitized by Google

between the old couple, who, sincerely attached to each other, were in times of excitement certain to wrangle, she thought it time to interfere. Toby immediately shuffled off to the kitchen, followed by Abigail, but their voices were heard, like the rumbling of a tempest, still exchanging compliments, till Captain Wadsworth had risen to take his leave. He had still farther reassured Mrs. Manners by telling her that when once the tribe had become possessed of the notion that Edward was a medicine man or magician, his safety was assured, and that they evidently had a high idea of his powers when a messenger had been sent with news of his safety. He declared that he would instruct the scouts to endeavor to find news of Edward, hinting also that an expedition was in course of preparation against the Pequods, in the event of which Edward might be enabled to return home long before the seven moons had elapsed.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORT OF THE PEQUOD SACHEM.

EDWARD was conveyed without farther ceremony to the land of the Pequods, to one of those strongly fortified camps which had been erected by Sassacus, their great war-chief, who ruled over a number of petty sachems, and exercised an almost unlimited dominion over them. After leaving the canoes there had been a march through what seemed to the boy a pathless wilderness. But his Indian escorts never for an instant hesitated. They knew every leaf, every broken twig in their way, and it scarce needed the light from the broad, silver moon, shining white and ghostly above their heads, to lead them on. They emerged upon a cornfield where so lately the yellow tassels of the maize waved harmoniously in the autumn breeze. But

Digitized by Google

only the melancholy stalks remained, nodding drearily. As the band approached the palisaded fort, sounds were heard as of singing and rejoicing in the camp, and Edward, listening, inquired of Wequash what that noise might portend.

"Know, great medicine man," said Wequash, who held the rank of a petty chief in the tribe, "that it is the mighty sachem of the Pequods, whose deeds make the earth to tremble, who thus celebrates the victory which his red children have won over the pale-faces. For so he believes —the wise men have deceived him, and have told of many spoils and many captives. But no spoils are ours; the pale-face magic was too powerful, our braves are as children, and the white men are safe in their lodges."

He bowed his head mournfully upon his chest, while scouts were being sent forward to cut short the rejoicings prematurely, by announcing the return of the red warriors without either spoils or captive save the one Young Eagle, who wore upon him a mighty charm. When the fort was reached, the old men and squaws and the children came forth into the square to

Digitized by Google

gaze upon this powerful stranger, who having been old was now young. Many of the old men pointed and whispered:

"Lo! his hair, which was as the snow of winter, is black as the wing of the raven. The hairs upon his chin have fallen, and his face is as that of the young braves."

The braves deemed it beneath their dignity to come forth and stare, but when Edward had reached the wigwam of the mighty chief as many of them as possible were gathered there. Edward took care to display the reliquary prominently on his person. Sassacus sat upon a pile of skins, a gorgeous blanket, heavily fringed and embroidered, thrown over his shoulders, ornaments of gold adorning his neck and arms, and his forehead surmounted by the feathers of such number and quality as announced his high station. There was a malevolent glitter in his eye which struck Edward unpleasantly, but he entering, stood erect, looking haughtily around him. Sassacus, however, was minded to propitiate this powerful guest, and, bowing his head, offered him a seat upon the rug, telling him at the same time that the

Digitized by Google

Pequods were his children, and praying him to do no evil to their fort.

Edward replied boldly that he would bring no evil upon their fort whilst he abode with them and whilst they showed respect for his power, but that the Great Spirit, the Manitou of the Christians, was angry with them for having attacked His children in the night to slay them.

The evil glitter in the chief's eyes became more marked as he listened. He had never consented to listen to the Christian teaching, and was full of the worst qualities of his race. But an old man who stood near, growing agitated, whispered to the chief that in his dream he had seen this youth with the charm upon his breast, and had been told that the Pequods would suffer if aught of harm came to him. Now as dreams had a most potent part in the government of this strange people, Sassacus dared not disobey the warning, even had his own superstition not been upon its side. Edward felt, meanwhile, as though he were experiencing a nightmare, being thus confronted with the great chief of whom all his life he had heard such wonderful tales, from the trappers and the hunters, and the

Digitized by Google

soldiers who had fought against him. But he knew that boldness was his best policy, and as he was naturally a brave boy he continued to talk plainly to the chief.

"It becomes not the great chief of the Pequods to fight under the cloak of darkness," he said, "nor to slay babes and women."

"It is the same tongue which spake to our fathers," muttered Sassacus, "and the same words of peace fall from his lips, though he has by his magic become a brave."

The wily chief thought it useless, therefore, to attempt to deceive or to coerce this hoary sage, who now chose to appear under the semblance of a boy. So he gave him a belt of wampum, to signify the tears of Sassacus for having planned that night attack on the dwelling of the white men. Edward having received this, the chief continued:

"Great was your power, O chief of the black gowns! For on your first coming amongst us, you have raised up one from the dead."

Edward waited to be informed how he had worked this miracle and wondered if he would be expected to repeat it. He remembered, all at

Digitized by Google

once, that Father Douglas had told him of having revived a man who was dying of asphyxia by the application of vinegar and aqua vitæ, and that the savages had believed him to have resuscitated the man by magical power.

"A warrior of our tribe," continued the wily Sassacus, who was not averse to testing the power of the supposed magician, "is about to die. Will my father keep the spirit in his body, or bring it back if it go forth?"

Edward shook his head:

"I may not," he answered, "for the Manitou is angry."

He touched, as he spoke, the reliquary upon his breast, and Sassacus bent his head low before him, and some of the other warriors at once prostrated themselves. Edward, fearing that Sassacus might insist upon his working a miracle, begged that he might be allowed to rest. Sassacus gave orders that he be conducted to the wigwam prepared for him, which was clean and comfortable and one of the largest in the place, with piles of warm skins to make a comfortable bed and a fire burning upon the hearth, where a squaw was preparing food. And

Digitized by Google

never had Edward enjoyed a repast more than that meal of broiled deer's flesh and maize cakes. The long march had sharpened his appetite, and he ate heartily, sharing the meat with a half-starved cur which hung about the door on his arrival. This animal had at first barked at him, and then with a sniff or two at Edward, had become suddenly friendly, and wagged his tail, an incident which the Pequods who stood near had put down to the power of the medicine man.

Thenceforth the dog, Owanux (who had been so called out of contempt for the English, his name in the Pequod language signifying Englishmen), haunted the wigwam. Edward gave him many scraps of food and treated him kindly, feeling curiously drawn to this little creature, whom alone he could trust. The dog accompanied him on his walks, and slept inside the door of the wigwam. Edward would sometimes call out to him in the night when he felt the silence and loneliness oppressive:

"Owanux! Owanux!" and the starveling would answer with his little whine of joy, which had in it almost the sound of human speech. So that some of the Indians began to say that

Digitized by Google

the soul of a white man had passed into this beast, and that he was trying to communicate with the medicine man. Edward was, at first, on very friendly terms with many of the young men of the tribe, and joined in their sports and occupations with real pleasure. As he was allowed sometimes to go with them on the hunt, he learned much of the trapping of animals, the following of the trail of different beasts, the bird calls, and the distinguishing of one bird from another, as well as the medicinal value of plants and their names. Also he became expert in the use of the bow and arrow, and the throwing of the tomahawk, showing his prowess, too, in leaping, running and wrestling. This excited the astonishment of the old men not a little, and they would mutter amongst themselves:

"See, he leaps and his foot is as fleet as the wind from the North, and his strength is greater than that of the Pequod braves. He is no longer a black gown, but a warrior, nor does he pour water on the heads of the children."

This function of the black gown Edward did actually in one or two instances perform, baptizing more than one dying child as he had been

Digitized by Google

taught to do by Father Douglas and his mother. For in those times Catholics had to be prepared for all emergencies. He taught the children, too, when he had learned something of the language, such fragments as he could make them understand of the Christian faith, and talked of the mysteries of the religion to such of the Pequods as knew English. Sassacus himself would never listen, turning away with a dark look upon his face whenever the subject was broached, nor did he wish his warriors to become Christians, fearing that they would no longer fight against his enemies. It was soon apparent, too, that he disliked the young paleface, whom he, moreover, began to regard with suspicion.

Perhaps the chief's mind, more sagacious than that of his followers, divined something of the truth. He put many questions to the boy, always under pretence of great deference and respect for his magic. He challenged him to exhibitions of his occult powers, and began to loudly complain in the councils of the wise men that this medicine man had never shown any signs of the wisdom he was supposed to possess.

Digitized by Google

Some of the ancients, happily, were obstinate as to their belief in this sorcerer whom they had seen young, for did he not wear that same magical charm and make the same signs upon his forehead and pray the same prayers?

"You are great," they said, "O Sassacus, in battle, and your name is feared from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the thunder of your voice makes the air to tremble. But your mind is darkened so that you can not understand the power of the pale-face magic, and some day you will be stricken."

Wequash, who with Owanux constituted Edward's friends in the tribe, spoke even warmly in his behalf, and in such manner as to draw down upon himself the anger of Sassacus, who declared that the sachem had been bewitched.

The friendship of Owanux for Edward was like to have cost him dear. For the little animal, with canine instinct, regarded Sassacus as a hostile presence in the wigwam of his friend. The chief made frequent visits, hoping as it seemed to catch Edward unawares.

Digitized by Google

Upon one occasion, as the chief entered suddenly, Owanux, roused from sleep, was so ill advised as to snarl at the mighty sachem, showing all his teeth. Sassacus gave the animal a kick which sent him yelping out of the tent, at the entrance to which he presently reappeared, thrusting in his head and growling defiance at his powerful foe. Whereupon, the chief addressed him as follows:

"Thou, Owanux, miserable cur, into whom has passed the soul of a white man, who now spits poison at one through thy mouth, thou shalt die."

The dog replied to this harangue by continued barking, and Sassacus went on:

"Thou shalt go into another existence, O Englishman, and shalt no more inhabit that wretched body of yellow hair. At sunset, Owanux, thou shalt be hanged."

The dog made so furious a protest against this sentence, that the chief was forced to cut short his interview with Edward, who had been vainly endeavoring to quiet the animal, and who was possessed by a desire to laugh aloud. He did laugh outright when he saw the commanding

Digitized by Google

form of the sachem hastening toward his own wigwam, pursued by the yellow cur, who had returned to the attack, barking and snapping at the chief's heels and worrying the corner of the blanket which Sassacus wrapped in sullen majesty about him. He was too proud to enter into a contest, in the center of the fort, with poor Owanux, a conflict in which he knew that he would probably be worsted. For the dog would certainly elude all efforts to catch him, and just as certainly inflict a bite, which the chief by no means desired. The incident, however, increased the chief's hostility to Edward, whom he accused of having incited the dog to insult him.

"For the beast speaks in the language of the pale-faces," he said to his council. "I have heard, with my ears, the white boy speak to him in that tongue."

Edward paid a formal visit to the chief later in the day, to ask for the animal's life. He carried with him the feathers which had been given by the sachems in token of submission, wore the wampum belt conspicuously, and displayed the reliquary where the chief's eyes must rest upon

Digitized by Google

it. Nevertheless, he was received very coldly and his request was denied:

"Sassacus has spoken! The dog shall die and his lying tongue be silenced!"

Edward, finding argument useless, withdrew full of misgivings. It was the first time any petition of his had been refused, and he feared that the virtue of his amulet was waning with Sassacus at last and that the chief would not then hesitate to take his life. His heart was heavy, moreover, at thought of losing his faithful little friend, who having escorted the sachem home returned to curl himself up peacefully in his accustomed place inside the wigwam door. When the hour of sunset had come, however, and messengers were sent to bring the dog to the place of execution, Owanux had disappeared. Edward himself could give no account of the matter and was, indeed, exceedingly puzzled by it.

The wise men shook their heads more ominously than ever, declaring that the Young Eagle by his magic had caused the dog to disappear. Sassacus was more infuriated than ever against Edward, but he thought it prudent to

Digitized by Google

veil his anger under the most conciliatory words, setting himself to form a plan by which he might overcome the pale-face.

He had a large party with him in the tribe, chiefly of the young braves, who had gradually grown to hate and fear Edward on account of his ever-growing superiority in games of strength or skill. Moreover, they disliked him because he was a Christian, and but for their fear of his magic would have openly mocked him when he knelt to pray, as he sometimes did under the shadow of a tree, gathering the little ones about him and teaching them to make the sign of the cross and to lisp the holy names.

"A brave man," his mother had often said to him, "should be most proud of his Christian profession: always, when he can, declaring his faith openly. For nothing so well becomes him as loyalty to his God."

Now Sassacus had formed a plan to steal the amulet from Edward and so, as he supposed, rob the boy of his power. To this end he called a secret council of such as were hostile to the lad and disclosed to them what he intended, with their assistance, to do.

Digitized by Google

"For his power is in that amulet," he said, 'and if I, the sachem of the Pequods, can but wrest it from him, great shall be the power of our tribe over all others and over the pale-face dogs, whom I spit upon."

Each one present likewise spat, and raised a howl of delight at the prospect which his words held out to them.

"It is well, my children," said the sachem. Sassacus has spoken and his will is known to you. I have dreamed a dream, in which I beheld this medicine man prostrate and in bonds."

Now a dream was taken not only as a certain proof that what it foretold would happen, but the red men usually set themselves to work to accomplish its predictions, for it was in that way their Great Spirit, they said, spoke to them. The Pequod warriors were therefore delighted to hear that their chief had dreamed of Edward's downfall, and Sassacus continued:

"In the last quarter of the moon there shall be dark nights. The dog Owanux, whom he bewitched, and upon whom I spit, is gone and can not warn him. Wequash, whom he has bound with a spell, so that he has become a

Digitized by Google

woman, is absent. Sassacus has spoken. The amulet must be taken from this medicine man while he sleeps."

They all signified their assent, though each one resolved that it would not be he who should touch that mighty medicine charm. Sassacus, after a moment's silence, again raised his voice and said:

"Five moons have passed since he came among us and he has wrought no magic. When he was old it was otherwise. Now that he is young he uses his magic only to overcome our braves in wrestling or running."

For the artful chief appealed thus to the vanity and jealousy of his hearers to incite them against Edward. And he succeeded; the swarthy faces grew darker and fiercer and sounds were uttered which resembled the deep growling of an angry blood-hound.

"When seven moons have vanished," continued the chief, "Sassacus has promised to restore the young-old medicine man to the wigwams of his people. The tongue of a sachem is not forked. Sassacus must keep his word. He must set the feet of the captive on the path to

Digitized by Google

the white men's lodges. There shall he carry the power of his magic to conquer us in every war, and to laugh at the Pequod braves, who are as women in the wrestling match."

The warriors in their fury sprang to their feet, brandishing their tomahawks. They would have rushed at once to Edward's tent to dispatch him had not the chief interposed.

"Are my brothers children?" he cried, "and know they not that this stranger has the magic stone which might change the Pequods into dogs?"

At this they paused and consented to listen to the plan which Sassacus unfolded. On the following night, which, from all prognostics, would be exceeding dark, they were to proceed to the wigwam of the stranger, surrounding it upon all sides and being careful to make no noise. For the chief argued, though he was not quite convinced upon this point himself, that while Edward slept his magic would be of no use to him, and that once he possessed the amulet, the power would be in their hands. Having so decided the council was broken up.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD SHOWS SASSACUS A MARVEL.

EDWARD, quite unconscious of the plot which had been formed against him, had lain awake listening to the wind in the forest moaning among the leafless trees, and rattling their branches together like the bones of a skeleton. Weird noises came into the silence. They seemed to belong to the night and to have no place or part with anything human or material. Edward had been thinking much of home, and wondering if his mother were praying for him in the little oratory where Father Douglas had set up his altar, and said the first Mass at which the boy had ever assisted, and where also Edward had made his first communion. The thought of that morning came back to him with great sweetness; the smell of early flowers came

Digitized by Google

in with soft breezes at the window, outside of which were branches full of new buds. He saw again the white-haired priest, and heard his words, and he remembered how solemn and awful the Mass had seemed to his boyish mind, and yet how beautiful.

Far away in the Indian country, lying on this pile of skins, in the strangeness of this wigwam, the whole scene came back to him, and as his thoughts began to grow confused and a drowsiness to steal over him, it seemed that he heard friendly voices from the forest, the long-silent voice of Father Douglas, blended with that of his mother, and that they bade him have no fear but to keep up a stout heart. He fell at last into a dreamless sleep, from which he was awakened at what hour he knew not by something touching his hand. He started up with a kind of horror, oppressed by an awful sense of fear. He withdrew his hand suddenly from the cold touch which had aroused him, only to lay it upon something rough and hairy. Then there was a wriggling and a whine of pleasure, and he knew with great gladness that Owanux had come back.

Digitized by Google

He soon saw, however, that the creature was disturbed about something, for, having expressed his joy, he began to run to and fro to the entrance and from one corner of the hut to the other, snuffing suspiciously, and occasionally uttering a low growl. This alarmed the lad, who, creeping cautiously from his couch, peered through a slit in the skins which formed the tent. There to his horror he saw several shapes moving through the darkness. The sight reminded him with sudden dread of that hour of terror in the meeting-house at Hartford. But he guessed only too well who these were that came against him in this stealthy fashion. It was Sassacus and those of his braves who were opposed to their captive. Edward could not doubt that their motive was a sinister one—the very caution of their movements boded ill for him. As they drew nearer and nearer, crouching, making no sound upon the earth with their moccasins, Edward determined to make at least some effort to defend himself, though his heart was cold with fear. Having dressed hastily, he took up the tomahawk which Wequash had given him. This, with the bow and arrow, in

Digitized by Google

the use of which he had become proficient, was his only weapon.

He knew that his chance of life was small if they were really bent on his destruction. For even should he succeed in disposing of two or three or even more, the alarm would become general, he would be crushed by force of numbers, or smoked out if all else failed. He breathed a swift but fervent prayer; then, as he took up his position just inside the door of the wigwam, he remembered a powder-horn which had remained slung over his shoulder on the night of his capture, though he had with him no weapon for which it could be made available. So it had remained among his effects, until now a use for it suddenly occurred to him. He drew it from its hiding-place in a sheltered corner of the lodge, after which he stood ready, tomahawk in hand, to await events.

It was Owanux who really gave the signal for the attack by prolonged barking, which frequently changed to angry growling. The Indians without looked at each other. By his magic the stranger had brought back his dog, and no doubt knew of their approach. Sassacus

Digitized by Google

gave the signal to attack, hoping against hope that the barking of the dog had not aroused the sleeper. At that moment the door-mat of the wigwam was raised, and Edward himself came face to face with the chief. There was a pause. With all his Indian stolidity, Sassacus could not conceal his embarrassment.

"What does my brother want in the wigwam of the pale-face?" Edward asked with as much solemnity as if he were himself the chief of a tribe. There was silence. Sassacus was striving to invent a reply. For the presence of the dog, Edward's apparent foreknowledge of their coming, and his composure, completely baffled the sachem, and the cynical doubts which had begun to arise in his mind concerning Edward's powers were for the time being dispersed. He bowed low.

"We are thy children," he muttered, offering Edward a feather which the boy refused to accept. Instead he took one of those already in his possession, and blew it into the air to the eastward, and taking another blew it toward the north.

"The words of the great chief are like to that

Digitized by Google

feather, which blows this way and that with every wind," he exclaimed, contemptuously.

"Sassacus has come to visit the wigwam of his brother," said the chief, recovering his composure, "because he has dreamed of him and that his brother performed a marvel in his sight."

"My brother, the great sachem of the Pequods, would behold a marvel," said Edward, for he had resolved to show them one whether they would or not.

Sassacus signified his assent by a bow, and the savages by a general grunt of approval, though many of them felt rather nervous as to what particular form the marvel might take. Now near the wigwam which Edward inhabited stood a hut, which had been used for stores of some sort but was now empty and abandoned. Edward walked to the door of this cabin, and pausing upon the threshold, signed to the savages to move backwards, for that he would be alone. This they very willingly did, not knowing what was about to befall, and they stood a dark circle, motionless, their eyes following the movements of the medicine man, of whom they were, just

Digitized by Google

then, in wholesome awe. Edward, however, disappeared within the hut, hastily depositing a portion of the powder in a corner, and improvising a fuse out of a wisp of hempen rope. Then he stepped forth and withdrew to some distance, standing beside Sassacus, who, wrapped in his blanket and leaning upon his bow, seemed like some colossal, swarthy image. Owanux crouched close to Edward, snarling if Sassacus so much as stirred. An instant more and there was a crash, a flame and a blinding smoke. Many of the savages fell prostrate upon the ground, whether from the shock or from fear it was impossible to say. Owanux with his tail between his legs hastily retreated, slinking into the very farthest corner of the wigwam. When the smoke cleared away a portion of the hut lay in ruins. Edward stood upright, with many of the savages kneeling or touching their forehead to his feet and praying him to spare the Pequod nation.

Sassacus himself joined in the prayer, though his heart was full of rage and malice, and he still believed, though he no longer doubted Edward's magic, that if he could possess himself of

Digitized by Google

the amulet all power would be in his hands and that he could, then, compass Edward's death or sell him into slavery. But how was this to be done? It seemed impossible. For Sassacus was in truth much terrified at the wonderful sorcery of the pale-face medicine man, who had called up thunder and lightning at his will, and had destroyed the hut.

"So could I destroy, were I minded to do it, you who surround me," said Edward, calmly, which was indeed the truth, as considerable powder remained in the horn. The savages involuntarily drew back several paces.

"Nay!" said Edward. "I would work no evil to my Pequod brothers. I would be their friend. But wherefore do they come to my wigwam at night, with an evil purpose in their hearts?"

Sassacus here interposed with a wampum belt. He had caused several to be brought hurriedly. This was to propitiate the Great Manitou of fire and smoke, who with a sound like the waves upon a rock had shattered the hut. Another was to dry the tears which Edward had shed because of their attempt; the third was to

Digitized by Google

smooth the ground around the wigwam that he might walk freely amongst them, and the fourth was to hold up his arm that he might not strike.

"My brothers," said Edward, for he guessed fairly well what was in the mind of Sassacus, and knew that the chief would injure him if he could. "You have given me splendid gifts, but I look among them for one that is not there, a belt to smooth my path to the lodge of my mother. Five moons have I dwelt amongst you, O braves of the Pequod tribe, and my heart is filled with longing to return to my people."

Now the savages were in a dilemma, for they knew that their wise men had dreamed that evil would come upon the tribe if this captive should go forth before the seven moons had passed. On the other hand if they compelled him to stay he might bring upon them such mighty thunder and lightning as would destroy their fort and perchance the whole tribe. So they hesitated and Sassacus turned over in his mind how he might overcome this difficulty. Edward ended his harangue by declaring that he would wait until the sun had run its course seven times for that

Digitized by Google

belt which should assure him a safe journey to the dwellings of his pale-face brothers. Sassacus, while listening with hypocritical civility, occasionally putting in a phrase or two of compliment to the great medicine man, kept a baleful eye upon Owanux, who sat close at Edward's heels, watchful and alert, his ears up, his glance interrogating the evil face of the chief, with whom he was especially at enmity. Occasionally he looked up into Edward's face, and whether the glance was returned or not gave a short wag of the tail, in token of faithful friendship.

Sassacus knew that it would be imprudent to molest this four-footed friend of his captive, whom, indeed, he included in the deadly and distrustful hatred he felt for Edward. Could he have done so safely, he would quickly have put an end to the animal's life. As it was, Edward and the dog were left in peace to finish that eventful night which might have ended so disastrously for the former. He knelt, before lying down again, for a brief thanksgiving to God, during which Owanux sat by, occasionally licking his hand. The poor beast had been accus-

Digitized by Google

tomed to the most brutal treatment from the Indian braves and children, and had often sped in and out through the square of wigwams inclosed by the palisades which constituted the fortification, pursued by a shower of missiles. Edward's kindness had therefore won its complete devotion.

Wequash returned to the fort on the following morning, and hearing different versions of the story from Edward and his persecutors, shook his head ominously. He knew the dark humors of Sassacus, his jealousy of any other power, and his hatred of the white man. Therefore Wequash decided that he would help Edward to leave the Pequod country as soon as possible. But he did not tell him at once of this resolve, while Edward was equally reticent with him as to his use of gunpowder. Even in the eyes of this friendly savage, it would not be wise to lessen his prestige as a medicine man. Otherwise their intercourse was very free and open. Sometimes they sat and talked for an hour or more, Owanux dozing beside them. Sometimes, however, Wequash went to walk alone in the forest, reflecting upon his plans. It was

Digitized by Google

evident to them both that Edward's movements were now closely watched.

At last, Wequash said: "My brother shall go to the castle of the Narragansetts before many suns have passed. The silver chain of peace extends between them and me. For the sake of Wequash they will receive the Eagle of the pale-faces. They are to the white men as brothers. Miantonimoh, their chief, loves the pale-faces. Therefore have no fear. But to Sassacus the tongue of Wequash is dumb."

Having said these words, Wequash wrapped his blanket about him and left Edward's wigwam.

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE.

WHETHER or not Sassacus guessed anything of Wequash's purpose, it is certain that from the date of his return he began to include him in the ill will which he felt toward Edward and his dog, and which he showed in a far more open manner. He excluded that chief from the councils of the nation, incited the braves against him, and offered him many insults, which the proud and fiery spirit of the sachem would not brook. It became clear to Wequash that his race was run in so far as this tribe was concerned, and being neither a Christian nor a civilized white man, he harbored a fierce resentment against his ferocious chief and brooded over the prospect of revenge. So that his plan for Edward's rescue gradually extended itself into a scheme to aban-

Digitized by Google

don his tribe for the time being, and to unite with the Narragansetts or even the white men to break the power of Sassacus.

He matured this plan in solitude, holding himself haughtily aloof from his fellows, by whom, indeed, through the instigation of Sassacus, he was likewise shunned. He deemed it unwise to be seen too frequently in conversation with Edward. At last, however, when the fitting time had come and his preparations were effected, he crept by night to Edward's wigwam. The boy was awakened by his faithful friend, Owanux, who did not, however, bark but simply whined in his master's ear and sniffed at the corners of the tent. Edward, at first feared that his enemies had returned to the attack and began to feel for the powder-horn, determining this time, if necessary, to teach them a more severe lesson. But Owanux, who had at last run out into the night, returned with symptoms of friendly satisfaction, running to Edward and back again to the door, as if inviting him to come forth. A scratching was also heard on the outer skin of the wigwam, and Edward, peering out and striving to distinguish objects

Digitized by Google

in the intense darkness, heard the voice of Wequash, speaking so low that it might have been the night wind rustling in the folds of the tent.

Edward had to listen intently, distinctly hearing at last the bidding of his friend to put together all that was his and come forth. Edward's packing was not a very long operation. He simply rolled into a bundle the clothes which he had worn on the night of his capture, and which he had ever since kept intact, clothing himself in a garment of skins manufactured for him by the squaws.

He did not forget the powder-horn, which might yet be of service, and having clasped about him the wampum belts which he well knew would aid him in other tribes, he fastened his bow and arrows to his back, and stuck his tomahawk into his belt. Then he went forth closely followed by Owanux, who seemed to understand perfectly that something important was being done, in which silence might be necessary. Wequash, indeed, looked doubtfully at this addition to their party, but Edward begged that he might not be driven away, and represented that it would be a matter of time and dif-

Digitized by Google

ficulty, perhaps danger, to get rid of the animal.

The huts lay silent, a huge, formless mass in the darkness, which seemed impenetrable. Not a star pierced the gloom. Wequash led the way, sometimes walking upright, sometimes crawling toward that point in the palisades through which the escape was to be made. Once they had to change their route, for Owanux, stopping suddenly, sniffed the air and growled, showing his teeth, with his hair bristling. It was evident that something was stirring in that quarter, but whether man or beast it was difficult to determine.

The two stood still for some moments, holding their breath, Edward keeping the muzzle of the dog in his hand lest he should bark, and in other ways admonishing him to be quiet. At last they reached the palisades, which it would have been a matter of great difficulty to surmount, so cunningly were they contrived. Indeed, when he saw them, Edward felt something like despair in his heart. Wequash with the utmost caution gazed about him, groping with his hands and convincing himself in every possible

Digitized by Google

way that no one was near. He looked to the dog for information on this point, but Owanux showed neither restlessness nor uneasiness of any sort. He sat calmly beside Edward, watching the movements of Wequash with ears erect and tongue slightly protruding. Then the Pequod began to remove, piece by piece, a small portion of the picket, which during the days of waiting he had gradually loosened. An opening was presently made, through which having passed himself, Wequash assisted Edward to do likewise, the dog springing through with an evident determination not to be left behind. Nor had Wequash, indeed, any farther objection to his company. He began to see that he might be made useful.

Not a word was spoken. But when Edward had landed upon the ground without, which was still slightly frozen, Wequash began to replace the palisades so as to leave the fortifications apparently intact. He knew well that were the aperture discovered with the coming of the light, pursuit would be immediate, the path the fugitives had taken being evident. He hoped that some delay might otherwise be gained, for

Digitized by Google

Edward did not rise with the sun as did the Pequods, so that his absence could not be at once observed, whereas Wequash often wandered into the forest and was missing for days at a time. Indeed the Pequod hoped that for a time, at least, Edward's disappearance might be accounted as magical. It is true that when Wequash failed to return the wily Sassacus would probably connect his departure with Edward's, but meantime the most dangerous part of their journey might be over. So that Wequash took what seemed to Edward an almost unnecessary care in replacing the palisades.

This being done, however, the fugitives set out at a rapid walk, hastily traversing the cornfields, last autumn's pride. Edward was growing accustomed to the darkness, so that he could keep up with the swift pace of the savage, and Owanux followed steadily. All that night they walked, and when day dawned, having got under cover of the woods, which were unhappily bare of leaves, Edward, at the instance of his friend, lay down for a brief rest. But the Indian sat alert and vigilant, never ceasing to scan the

Digitized by Google

various paths leading from the fort. Owanux shared his vigil. The little beast seemed to know that there was a necessity for watchfulness. It is true that the stern warrior never seemed to take any heed of him—that would have been foreign to all the traditions of his race; but he eyed him from time to time, aware that a dog's eyes and ears and his marvelous power of scent are quicker even than an Indian's.

They crossed a ford in the Pawcatuck river toward evening, and once on the other side they rested and refreshed themselves, Owanux drying himself as well as he could after his swim across the river.

It was a toilsome journey, but altogether uneventful, for either Sassacus had not divined their way of escape in time, or he had thought it useless and imprudent to pursue so mighty a magician as Edward. Perchance, indeed, had it not been for the prophecy as to the seven moons, he would have been really glad to be rid of him.

At the Narragansett castles, the fugitives were cordially received. Wequash was adopted into

Digitized by Google

the tribe, for he still nursed the design of avenging upon Sassacus the insults which he had received. He gave so glowing an account of Edward's powers as a medicine man, some of which he believed himself, and some of which he magnified tenfold with the hyberbole of his race, that Edward found his way at times impeded by prostrate savages, who implored his good offices with the Manitou. The cornelian heart was displayed to them, reposing upon Edward's breast, its meaning explained by Wequash. Some of the old men among them had seen it before in the keeping of Father Douglas, and so could vouch in so far for the truth of the Pequod's words.

Owanux came in for a share of their awe, and sometimes they were even seen to bow before him, a performance which the little dog at first much resented. These signs of irritation they took as an expression of his occult anger and fled. After a time, however, the animal became accustomed to their antics, and perceiving that they harmed neither his master nor himself, ceased to show his displeasure. But they pointed him out to one another, as he sat near

Digitized by Google

his master, while Edward patted him and called him by kindly names, and they said:

"See, the young-old medicine man speaks in the language of the pale-faces to his mighty dog."

It was arranged that as soon as the roads permitted some of the tribe would accompany Edward to Boston, whence he could make his way home, and, perhaps, like Sassacus they would not be altogether sorry to witness the departure of this sorcerer and his Owanux.

Meanwhile, to Edward's great joy, the camp was visited by a priest, who remained some time there, as several of the Narragansetts were Christians. So that the boy was enabled to receive the Sacraments, which was a great happiness to him. Relating to the missionary all the circumstances of his life, he begged him to instruct him as much as possible in whatever concerned the Catholic faith, and to supply what he might need. The priest frequently declared to him that Father Douglas and his mother had done their work well, for that he was far better instructed than many a boy who had lived all his

Digitized by Google

life in cities, and was besides a more enthusiastic Catholic.

For the boy's naturally noble character, together with the deep faith he had inherited from worthy ancestors and especially from his own father and mother, made him generously responsive to the teachings of the Church. All that was grand and heroic in the faith once delivered to the saints appealed to Edward, and he was proud of it, and loved it as a priceless possession. He made strenuous efforts to convert Wequash, but that savage was hardened in the way of unbelief; his intense pride, his revengeful designs upon Sassacus, stood in the way. He could not bend his stubborn will to the tenets of a religion which was at variance with his whole idea of life.

"Wequash would be as a squaw were he to have the water poured upon his head. His arm would lose its power and the black gown would tell Wequash that he might not strike his great enemy. Sassacus would spit upon him and set the children of the tribe to mock him."

So the time wore away, till spring was once more showing her gracious presence in the forests, and releasing the streams from their

Digitized by Google

frost-bound banks. Gentle enchantress that she was, her soft fingers bedecked the trees and the shrubs and caused the blades of grass to pierce the moist earth and gladden the eye.

Edward with real sorrow bade farewell to the priest, and to Wequash, who had been his faithful friend. He would have bestowed upon him a wampum belt, but Wequash would accept nothing which had belonged to his foe. So that Edward presented him, instead, with a store of bright glass beads which he procured from the missionary; such beads as a child strings on thread or horse-hair. These the Pequod warrior received with delight, while the wampum belts, save one, which Edward kept as a remembrance of his captivity, were bestowed upon the Narragansett chief, Miantonimoh, with three or four of his principal warriors, to denote the tears which Edward shed at leaving them, his gratitude for their favors, and to smooth the path that they might some day visit him. They gave him gifts in return, and Edward set out, accompanied by the Narragansett braves and the faithful Owanux.

He felt a curious regret at leaving this forest

Digitized by Google

life to which he had become accustomed, mingled with profound joy at thought of seeing once again his mother and his native town. Even the thought of old Toby and Abigail filled him with pleasure, while he smiled at the remembrance of their quaint sayings, their petty wrangling, and their real devotion to his mother, himself, and each other. He had, moreover, a great desire to see Boston town, and something of that great mother colony of Massachusetts, to which all New Englanders cast their eyes, as to a common origin.

Edward felt a strange sensation as he found himself in the narrow, curved streets of that town, which had already witnessed stirring scenes and was destined to be the theater of still greater events. Even now the war of faction was raging, and the power of Sir Edmund Andros was tending to its fall. The people were in a state of unrest, and already by every means in their power were protesting against the violation of their liberties, this unpopular governor having made various enactments of an odious character. Edward was brought into his presence, and it was with a sense almost of awe that

Digitized by Google

he beheld again that well remembered countenance, encircled by the periwig, and as hard as the shining steel of which his corslet had been composed, and which had impressed itself upon Edward's boyish imagination. He was not steel-clad, however, upon this occasion, but wore a rich doublet of satin heavily embroidered in gold. The Lady Mary was no longer at his side, having died during the previous year. To Edward this man was the symbol of power and magnificence, but the boy's heart swelled within him as he recalled the instances he had heard of Andros' tyranny, his contempt for the colony, and his design to break up the federation of the New England States. So that Edward held his head high, and his frank yet modest bearing struck many of those present with admiration.

The general court of Massachusetts was in session, and it was before that august body that Edward's case was brought, for the boy had arrived friendless and penniless in the town, guided by the Narragansett braves, who were on friendly terms with the people. Sir Edmund's cold glance wandered over the face and person

Digitized by Google

of the boy, fixing itself at last, to Edward's surprise, with intent scrutiny on the cornelian heart. He signed for Edward to draw near where he sat in state at the end of the room, with the rows of representative men composing that notable assembly upon either side. He heard in grim silence the story of the attack upon Hartford town and of the boy's capture by the Pequods. His brow darkened at the mention of Hartford, but he said nothing until Edward had finished his recital; then he observed in his hard and even tones, but speaking in a somewhat low voice:

"I have seen that trinket before now. It is a Popish emblem."

He frowned darkly as he spoke, asking presently:

"How came it into your keeping, boy?"

"It was bestowed upon me by a friend," Edward answered, hesitatingly.

He dared not tell this despotic ruler who that friend had been; or that he had spent some time under his mother's roof.

"The friend," said Sir Edmund, "was, by my sword, a Popish recusant, a Mass-

Digitized by Google

monger, a non-juror, who labored to pervert the tribes, and upon whom I once passed sentence."

Edward flushed hotly, but could make no reply.

"Once more," he said, "I beheld that bauble. It was when I visited that dwelling of sedition you call the town of Hartford. You wore it, boy."

Edward grew a shade paler. Could this oppressor have guessed? He felt the cold eyes searching his face as Sir Edmund continued:

"You stood, at that time, upon the corner of a street with another person. But I beheld it once again in the council-chamber at Hartford."

He uttered these words slowly and impressively, watching for the effect which they might have upon Edward, who indeed felt himself menaced with a new and terrible danger.

"Boy, were you there?"

Edward bent his head.

"I was!" he said, simply.

"Aye, I knew it!" cried Sir Edmund, adding

Digitized by Google

to himself in a half-whisper, "Yet there were times when methought it was a trick of fancy, the bauble appearing in the candlelight, the sudden darkness and the missing paper; and memory brought back that priest who wore it first and his words of condemnation. Yea, he bearded me to my face and bade me have a care lest ruin overtake me."

Recovering himself, with a swift glance around to see that none in that august assembly had noted his abstraction, Sir Edmund said, in the same tone, and fixing his eyes, in which there burned a fire of resentment, upon Edward:

"Perchance here is the explanation of one mystery and of another."

He had no mind, however, to make public here the trick which had been played upon him by the freemen of Connecticut, so aloud he added:

"I shall keep you under control until I may discover by every means which the State allows, whether there be truth in this wild tale of yours, or whether you be not an emissary from the Canadas." Then addressing the court: "Gen-

Digitized by Google

tlemen, I have resolved that this lad should be confined in the jail till further information be procured."

His resolution on this point, as indeed most of his resolutions, was opposed by several of the principal men of the colony, who had assembled for this sitting of the court. They declared that so far as was known, Edward had rendered signal service to the colony of Connecticut, something of which they had already learned by rumor, and that far from being imprisoned on suspicion he should be honorably lodged until opportunity offered to have him sent home. And so it was decided, and a lodging was at once chosen for him, in the house of a worthy woman, but strict Puritan.

"Most fortunate for you, young sir," said a gentleman courteously to Edward, "that the teeth of this lion are drawn."

Sir Edmund, indeed, knew full well that his power was tottering so that even in a trifling matter such as this of Edward he dared not insist, observing to the boy as he passed him in leaving the hall of assembly:

"The teeth of the lion are indeed drawn, or

Digitized by Google

another traitor should suffer chastisement," adding to himself: "Surely that trinket is a talisman of evil, and confronts me in my evil hours. He was right—that priest. My course will soon be run."

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XI.

THE QUAKER.

But though Edward had escaped this most pressing danger, Boston was, just then, a very unsafe place for a Catholic to be in, and he would willingly have bade farewell to it. In the popular excitement, however, succeeding the news of a revolution in England and of the downfall of Sir Edmund Andros, just then occurring, the boy and his story were forgotten.

Edward remained in the lodgings which had been procured for him, and was therefore in Boston during those strange scenes of violence, which preserved the form of law and of fanaticism overcoming intolerance. It gave the boy a shock to hear that Sir Edmund had been shut up in a prison, that man who of all

Digitized by Google

others had so long stood for arbitrary power, for pride of rank and station.

Edward beheld from a balcony the gorgeous procession by which this event was celebrated. The free men of Boston, the civic officials, the officers of the law, the great merchants, who had already extended over seas the commercial fame of that city, were mingled with the train-bands or militia, and the British regulars, who were not as yet certain whether or not they could consistently join in the popular rejoicings. The pageant was a very splendid one, such as had scarce been seen in Boston town before, and it was very dazzling to Edward, with the trappings of gold, the rich caparison of those superb stallions, and the brilliant uniforms of the regiment. In fact it seemed to Edward that it was worth all he had gone through to see this glorious sight, and he kept time to the music of the instruments, while he followed from street to street, through the jostling masses of spectators, who broke ever and anon into loud cheering.

Edward scarcely heard the execrations of the government which accompanied these manifes-

Digitized by Google

tations, nor those expressions mingled therewith which might well have caused him to feel uneasy for his own safety as a Catholic. For those were times of uneasiness and unrest, when a very slight circumstance might cause any one to fall under the weightiest of accusations. As Edward forgot all this in the high pitch of enthusiasm to which he had been roused by the gallant strains of the music, he suddenly felt a touch upon his arm. Turning hastily he saw at his elbow a small and meager man, clad in black, and wearing his hair simply tied with a knot of black ribbon. Edward perceived that this man's eyes were curiously fixed upon the reliquary, which he still wore upon his doublet.

"My lad," said the stranger, "an thou hast a proper care for thy safety, I would counsel thee to remove from thy doublet that ornament, which some may recognize as I have done, or others, perchance, inquire as to its signification."

A flush passed over Edward's face, as intuitively he put up his hand to the reliquary, feeling almost that it would be cowardice to conceal it. Yet there was something so kindly in

Digitized by Google

the stranger's face that Edward felt the advice was well meant.

The man, raising his hand significantly to command attention, turned Edward's thoughts toward those cries which were mingling with the applause, and then motioned to the lad to follow him. They proceeded some distance in silence, till having turned into a more retired street, the stranger asked Edward where he was lodging, intimating that he would accompany him thither. The crowded streets and the shouting populace seemed now at a very great distance, and soon they reached the quaint dwelling in which Edward had his room. On being admitted by the landlady, who wore the severe garb of a Puritan matron, narrow skirt, white kerchief and cap, Edward's companion saluted her:

"I give you godd'en!"

To which she replied:

"If the spirit of the Lord be in you, I bid you welcome to my dwelling."

When they had passed up-stairs, noises issued through a closed door which caused the man in black to halt.

Digitized by Google

"Hark!" he said, suspiciously, "what be that sound? What is concealed behind yon door?"

Edward smiled to himself, for he knew well.

"You shall presently see," he answered, "and it is naught which may cause apprehension."

When the door was opened, Owanux made a wild, tumultuous rush of joy upon Edward, leaping upwards almost to his face, wagging his tail and prostrating himself upon the ground, almost after the fashion of the savages, rushing to the farther end of the room and back again, in the exuberance of his gladness. The stranger stood uncertain, and the dog, becoming aware of his presence, gave a bark or two and then another, as if inquiring who he was and what had brought him thither.

"Be still, Owanux," cried Edward, "down, good dog."

And the animal, feeling that he had done his duty and that the matter was now in his master's hands, curled himself and went to sleep as close to Edward as might be, seemingly determined that he should not again escape without him.

"Yonder is a faithful friend," said the

Digitized by Google

stranger, "and it is no small matter to possess such, an he be but a dumb brute."

The light was coming through small and lozenged windows, darkened by the shadow of the overhanging eaves, and it played in tesselated squares upon the floor, or sent darts into dim corners, or fell, like a smile on a dark visage, over the great clothes-press in the corner. Edward's eyes rested, as often as possible, without indulging in the rudeness of a stare, on the quaint countenance and garb of the man before him.

"The trinket which thou wearest," he said to Edward, "is not unknown to me. I beheld it once, in circumstances which I shall presently describe. Most curiously is it wrought, so that I can scarce be mistaken in knowing it to be the same. None other have I ever seen to resemble it."

Edward was conscious of a curious sensation. This reliquary which he wore seemed to exercise an influence of some sort upon all with whom he came in contact.

"I am, my boy," continued the stranger, "a Quaker."

Digitized by Google

Edward could not repress a start. He had heard tales so strange of these sectaries, and though his reason told him, and his mother and Father Douglas had impressed him with the knowledge that the charges against them were untrue, still it startled him to be thus brought face to face with one of that people which had endured persecutions so bitter and aroused so intense a hatred. But remembering Father Douglas' kindly words concerning them, Edward was able to answer with his frank and boyish smile:

"Never have I beheld a Quaker before, and much have I heard of them."

"Little of what is good, I warrant," said the stranger, smiling, "and in truth, they have been called upon for testimony to the Lord many times. But it is not of that I would speak. He who wore that emblem before thee was once of service to me, even to the saving of my life. He was journeying from tribe to tribe of the Indians, as was his wont, abiding where he might, equally in peril from the whites and the red men. It chanced that his way led through the outskirts of the town. There was a tumult. I was

Digitized by Google

being dragged to my death by a mob of violent men. The missioner interposed. His majestic mien and courteous phrase did exercise an influence upon the crowd. They knew not he was a Papist nor a priest—nothing in his garb denoted his calling. As the violence subsided, he contrived means for my escape, through an humble dwelling, the inmates of which were doubtless known to him, perchance secret professors of his faith. He remained in their hands, but, as I learned afterwards, without injury to himself, being presently permitted to depart, for the Lord willed that his identity remained concealed from them. But to me it was known, as was also that curiously wrought trinket, for I had seen both amongst the tribes."

The stranger paused as if he were overcome by the recollection and the emotion which it still awakened.

"It was a noble act to thus expose his safety for one unknown," the Quaker continued, "and for his sake, and because thou wearest his emblem, would I care for thy safety and speed thee on thy homeward way. Believe me, boy, this is no safe place for those of thy creed in the mo-

Digitized by Google

ment's tumult. Therefore the Lord has inspired me to direct thy course, as His angel did that of the young Tobias, and supply thee with whatsoever may be necessary. For the present thou art forgotten by those who have promised to befriend thee, and I believe that forgetfulness is for thy good."

Edward could not help bowing down his head in thankfulness. For here had come a deliverer, and he knew that what the man had said was just, and that if it became known even to those who had been hitherto kindly disposed toward him that he was a Catholic, vexatious results might ensue and his return home be indefinitely delayed. Of himself he had not the means of travel, and only the clothing which he had worn when captured in Hartford town, excepting the garments of skins sewed together by the Pequod women and which he had now discarded. The generous Quaker advised him to keep to the house that night, and to say nothing to the landlady as to his religious convictions.

"Thou art not called upon here and now to testify," he said, "and if thou be in error, as I must believe, still will I hold, nor hath the spirit

Digitized by Google

of the Lord forbidden me, that there are good men of the Romish faith."

He added, with a grim smile:

"But as to thy landlady, could she but know that above here in the guest-chamber a Papist and a Quaker hold speech together under her roof, I fear me her reason would forsake her."

The Quaker took his leave, promising to call for Edward an hour after sunrise, and busying himself, on his departure from the house, in procuring through a prominent Puritan, a friend of his, the order from the court for Edward to return home, a fitting opportunity having presented itself. Had the Quaker appeared in the matter, the order would no doubt have been refused, and both he and the boy suspected.

It was something of a disappointment to Edward to be unable to see more of that celebrated town, and he employed himself during his last evening there in conjuring up the various worthies who had made themselves conspicuous or notorious in its annals, with such snatches of its history as had most impressed him. So that his mind was full of witches and Quakers and Anabaptists, and the red warriors of King

Digitized by Google

Philip, and colonial governors and Puritans landing on rocky coasts, and the French coming from Canada to fight with them, and fleets sailing out of Boston harbor. Boys of that day lived history, vivid thrilling history! Each day of their lives they seemed to turn over a new page, and the great names of what is now the past were realities to them.

At dawn Edward was ready, for indeed he slept but little, and he watched from the window for the coming of the Quaker. He had taken leave of his hostess over-night, declaring that he must start betimes, so that he had scarcely caught sight of the figure in a suit of rusty black knee-breeches, and buckles of silver, with broad-brimmed hat, when he was down in the street below.

"I will conduct thee to the vessel upon which thou must embark," said the Quaker, "and which shall bear thee on thy homeward way by the leading of the Spirit, and the good will of the Captain, who is known to me."

As they went Edward peered about him curiously, asking from time to time an eager question of his companion, who furnished him with

Digitized by Google

bits of local history, always in scriptural phraseology. Edward, in turn, told him of Father Douglas and of his stay under their roof, and the wrinkled face of the worthy sectary lighted up with interest and emotion. Owanux trotted demurely at Edward's heels, evidently oppressed, either by some secret thoughts of his own, or by the solemnity of the surroundings.

The harbor was all aglow with the sunrise light, alive with brigantines, men-of-war, vessels, indeed, of various riggings and of more than one nationality. Sailors were singing out to one another, aiding the landsmen in loading or unloading their several craft. There was a smell of tar, an odor of the salt sea, a ripple of tiny waves, the gleam of sun on the face of the waters. Edward felt his heart leap, the scene was so full of cheerful life and it was so long since he had been on the water. Soon they came alongside of a little sloop, bright and freshly painted and rejoicing in the name of the "Blue Heron," no doubt because of the huge bird which served as a figurehead, and the streaks of bright blue which appeared upon the vessel's sides. Edward and his dog were taken

Digitized by Google

aboard, the boy having bade a cordial farewell to the Quaker, wno with some emotion had bade him God-speed and had put aside his gratitude smilingly:

"The Lord watch between thee and me," he said, "and bring us to a joyful meeting on this earth or beyond it. Commend me to thy mother."

The Captain, a bluff and hearty man, received his passengers with good will, making no objection whatever to the dog, and it was not long before the "Blue Heron" unfurled its wings and fled away, till Boston town became indistinct in the distance, and the figure of the Quaker as a tiny speck upon the quay.

Digitized by Google

CONCLUSION.

HOME AGAIN.

It was a popular ovation which greeted Edward when he reached the merry little town of Hartford that smiling May. Flags were displayed, bells rang out and cheers were sent up for the boy who had saved the place from the Indians. Captain Wadsworth pressed Edward's hand and walked beside him in the throng, while the boy briefly related to him what had passed between himself and Sir Edmund Andros.

"We may take the charter from its hiding-place now, boy," said the Captain, "and its provisions shall come into force again, for Andros' tyranny is at an end."

There was other great news as well. The brave Captain Denison, with Captain Mason and a couple of hundred fighting men, had gone

Digitized by Google

upon an expedition against Sassacus. They were to be joined by men from the other colonies, with several hundred Narragansetts, and Wequash, who had entered into negotiations with them, was to guide the party to the Pequod fort.

"We believed you still among them," said Captain Wadsworth, "and it was, in truth, one of our motives for making the present attack."

It may be said here, though of course the news did not reach Hartford until much later, that the prophecy of the wise men, who pretended to foresee evil to the Pequods in the captive's escape before seven moons had passed, was believed by those savages to have come true. Their ruin was indeed complete, and Sassacus was never again a terror to the white men. Prisoners who were taken gave it as their belief that the disaster had befallen through the magic of the old-young medicine man, and because Sassacus had provoked him. Edward, indeed, felt only pity for their fate.

Amid all this popular rejoicing Edward had but one desire—to reach that quiet dwelling where his mother would be waiting for him, and

Digitized by Google

Toby and Abigail showing joyful faces over her shoulder; where a supper would be laid out in the dining-hall, consisting of his favorite dishes; where the evening prayer would be said in the oratory, overshadowed by the presence of Father Douglas; where the garden would be full of blossoms, where, in short, the wanderer would be at home.

So that Edward scarcely listened to the speeches of congratulation and rejoicing, and scarcely realized that he was being presented with a massive piece of silver, curiously wrought in some old-time smithy. When he got away at last, the road seemed longer to him than he had ever known it before, though the early clover gave out fragrance under his eager foot, and the wild flowers showed their pretty faces in greeting.

At the door of the house, his mother stood with arms outstretched, and behind her was the face of Toby, puckered in its effort to repress tears, unbecoming to an old soldier's dignity; that of Abigail was hidden in her apron. There were few words. Agatha Manners wore her most beautiful gown, and jewels long unused.

Digitized by Google

As poor Owanux strove to squeeze in after his master, he had very nearly received a kick from Toby, who knew not what was entering, and who was hard put to it to find vent for his feelings. But Edward stooped quickly:

"Nay, nay," he cried, "none shall ever hurt you here. Mother, it is my faithful friend, Owanux. His story you shall hear in due season."

"From this moment, Owanux," said the mother, smiling through tear-dimmed eyes, "we adopt you into our household. The best place at the fireside, the daintiest food shall be yours."

She patted his head as she spoke, and Owanux, licking her hand, made himself at home from the first, taking up a place at the hearth, where his hairy body was to be seen for many a long day. Abigail flew to bring in supper, crying:

"Lawk a mercy, how he have grown!"

And Toby, having made divers efforts to speak and failed, shuffled off to the kitchen, leaving mother and son alone. Edward then took from his pocket the reliquary of Father Douglas and said:

Digitized by Google

"Mother, the tale I have to tell is over long for one sitting, but under God, I owe my life in trying circumstances to this precious gift of our dear Father Douglas. It has been a sacred talisman."

PRINTED BY BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS OF DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, DEVOTION, MEDITATION, BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, JUVENILES, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY
BENZIGER BROTHERS

CINCINNATI: 343 MAIN ST. | NEW YORK: 36-38 BARCLAY ST. | CHICAGO: 214-216 W. MONROE ST.

Books not marked *net* will be sent postpaid on receipt of the advertised price. Books marked *net* are such where ten per cent must be added for postage. Thus a book advertised at *net* $1.00 will be sent postpaid on receipt of $1.10.

DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, MEDITATION, ETC.

ABANDONMENT; or, Absolute Surrender of Self to Divine Providence. CAUSSADE, S.J. *net*, 0 60
ALL FOR JESUS. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, THE. TESNIÈRE. *net*, 0 75
ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM. SPIRAGO. *net*, 1 75
ANGELS OF THE SANCTUARY. MUSSER. *net*, 0 20
ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. *net*, 0 60
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. O'CONOR, S.J. *net*, 1 25
BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. SHAHAN. *net*, 2 00
BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK. LASANCE. 1 75
BLOSSOMS OF THE CROSS. GIEHRL. 12mo. *net*, 1 25
BOOK OF THE PROFESSED. 3 volumes, each, *net*, 0 90
BOY-SAVERS' GUIDE. QUIN, S.J. *net*, 1 75
BREAD OF ANGELS. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
BREAD OF LIFE. WILLAM. *net*, 0 85
CAMILLUS DE LELLIS. By A SISTER OF MERCY. *net*, 1 00
CASES OF CONSCIENCE. SLATER, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, 4 50
CATECHISM EXPLAINED, THE. SPIRAGO-CLARKE. *net*, 3 00
CATHOLIC BELIEF. FAÀ DI BRUNO. 16mo., paper, *net*, 0.15; cloth, 0 60
CATHOLIC CEREMONIES. DURAND. Paper, *0.30; cloth, 0 60
CATHOLIC GIRL'S GUIDE. LASANCE. 1 25
CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. 0 25
CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. KLAUDER. Paper, *0.30; cloth, *net*, 0 60
CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER. HILL, S.J. *net*, 2 00
CATHOLIC'S WORK IN THE WORLD. HUSSLEIN, S.J. *net*, 1 25
CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. BRITT, O.S.B. *net*, 0 40
CHARACTERISTICS AND RELIGION OF MODERN SOCIALISM. MING, S.J. *net*, 1 50
CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE DEVOTION. GROU, S.J. *net*, 0 75
CHARITY THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING. *net*, 0 60
CHILD OF MARY. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
CHILD'S PRAYER-BOOK. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
CHILD PREPARED FOR FIRST COMMUNION. ZULUETA, S.J. Paper, *0 05
CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. MAAS, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, 4 00
CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS. DEVIVIER-MESSMER. *net*, 2 50

Digitized by Google

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. O'Connell. *net*, 0 60
CHRISTIAN FATHER. Cramer-Lambert. *net*, 0 50
CHRISTIAN MOTHER. Cramer. *net*, 0 50
COMMENTARY ON THE PSALMS. (Ps. I-L.) Berry. *net*, 2 25
CORRECT THING FOR CATHOLICS. Bugg. *net*, 0 75
COUNSELS OF ST. ANGELA. *net*, 0 25
DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Noldin-Kent. *net*, 1 25
DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS BY ST. ALPHONSUS. Ward. *net*, 1 25
DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. Krebs, C.SS.R. *net*, 0 75
DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART FOR THE FIRST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH. Huguet. *net*, 0 35
DEVOUT CHILD. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
DIGNITY AND DUTIES OF THE PRIEST. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 1 50
DIVINE GRACE. Wirth. *net*, 0 75
DIVINE OFFICE. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 1 50
DOMINICAN MISSION BOOK. By a Dominican Father. 0 75
ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY. Thein. *net*, 6 00
EDUCATION OF OUR GIRLS. Shields. *net*, 1 00
EUCHARISTIC CHRIST. Tesnière. *net*, 1 25
EUCHARISTIC LILLIES. Maery. *net*, ‖1 00
EUCHARISTIC SOUL ELEVATIONS. Stadelman, C.S.Sp. *net*, 0 50
EXPLANATION OF BIBLE HISTORY. Nash. *net*, 1 75
EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC MORALS. Stapleton. *net*, 0 75
EXPLANATION OF BALTIMORE CATECHISM. Kinkead. *net*, ‖1 25
EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS. Rolfus. 0 60
EXPLANATION OF THE CREED. Rolfus. 0 60
EXPLANATION OF GOSPELS AND OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Lambert-Brennan. Paper, *0.30; cloth, 0 60
EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. Rolfus. 0 60
EXPLANATION OF THE MASS. Cochem. *net*, 0 75
EXPLANATION OF THE PRAYERS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MASS. Lanslots, O.S.B. *net*, 0 75
EXPLANATION OF THE SALVE REGINA. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 0 75
EXTREME UNCTION. Phillips. Paper. *0 10
FIRST SPIRITUAL AID TO THE SICK. McGrath. *net*, 0 60
FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES. By a Religious. *net*, 0 50
FLOWERS OF THE PASSION. 32mo. *net*, 0 50
FLOWERS OF PIETY. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Thomas à Kempis. Edition de Luxe. Leather. *net*, 1 25
FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Thomas à Kempis. Plain Edition. 0 45
FOR FREQUENT COMMUNICANTS. Roche. Paper, *0 10
FOUR LAST THINGS. Cochem. *net*, 0 75
FUNDAMENTALS OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Schleuter, S.J. *net*, 0 60
FUTURE LIFE, THE. Sasia, S.J. *net*, 2 50
GARLAND OF PRAYER, THE. 32mo. American seal, 1 50
GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. Konings, C.SS.R. *0 15
GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Gigot. *net*, ‖3 00
GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES. ABRIDGED EDITION. Gigot. *net*, ‖1 75

Digitized by Google

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE. Verheyen, O.S.B. net, 0 50
GENTLEMAN, A. Egan. net, 0 75
GIFT OF THE KING. Religious H. C. J. net, 0 40
GLORIES AND TRIUMPHS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. net, 2 25
GLORIES OF MARY. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *Net*, 0.75. Edition in two volumes. net, 3 00
GLORIES OF THE SACRED HEART. Haushere, S.J. net, 0 75
GOD, CHRIST, AND THE CHURCH. Hammer, O.F.M. net, 2 25
GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS. net, 1 00
GOLDEN KEY TO HEAVEN. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
GREAT ENCYCLICAL LETTERS OF POPE LEO XIII. net, 2 50
GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION. St. Alphonsus Liguori. net, 1 50
GREETINGS TO THE CHRIST-CHILD. net, 0 75
GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES. Burns, C.S.C. net, 1 75
GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS. net, 1 00
HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Wilmers, S.J. net, ‖1 50
HARMONY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Heuser. net, 1 25
HEAVEN OPEN TO SOULS. Semple, S.J. net, 2 00
HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS. Ackermann. 0 60
HELPS TO A SPIRITUAL LIFE. Schneider. net, 0 75
HIDDEN TREASURE. St. Leonard. net, 0 50
HISTORY OF ECONOMICS. Dewe. net, 1 50
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME. Brann. net, ‖2 00
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Alzog. 3 vols. net, 10 00
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Businger-Brennan. 8vo. net, 2 25
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Businger-Brennan. 12mo. net, ‖0 75
HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Brueck. 2 vols. net, ‖4 00
HISTORY OF THE MASS. O'Brien. net, 1 50
HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. Gasquet. net, 0 75
HOLINESS OF THE CHURCH IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Kempf-Breymann. net, 2 00
HOLY BIBLE, THE. Large Type; handy size, 12mo., cloth 1 50
HOLY EUCHARIST. St. Alphonsus Liguori. net, 1 50
HOLY HOUR, THE. Keiley. *0 10
HOLY HOUR OF ADORATION. Stang. 0 60
HOLY MASS. St. Alphonsus Liguori. net, 1 50
HOLY VIATICUM OF LIFE AS OF DEATH. Dever. Cloth. net, 0 60
HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. Krebs, C.SS.R. net, 0 75
HOW TO MAKE THE MISSION. Dominican Father. Paper, *0 10
IMITATION OF CHRIST. See "Following of Christ."
IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. Arnoudt. net, 1 25
INCARNATION, BIRTH, AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST. St. Alphonsus Liguori. net, 1 50
IN HEAVEN WE KNOW OUR OWN. Blot, S.J. net, 0 60

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO WORKS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. Geiermann, C.SS.R. Paper. *net*, 0 10

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS. St. Alphonsus Liguori. Cloth. *net*, 0 50

INTERIOR OF JESUS AND MARY. Grou, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, 2 00

INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE. St. Francis de Sales. *net*, 0 65

JOAN OF ARC. Lynch, S.J. Illustrated. *net*, 2 50

KEY OF HEAVEN. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)

LADY A. Bugg. *net*, 0 75

LAWS OF THE KING. Religious H. C. J. *net*, 0 40

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS. Lutz. *net*, 0 50

LESSONS OF THE SAVIOUR. Religious H. C. J. *net*, 0 40

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. Grimm, C.SS.R. 5 vols., each, *net*, 1 50

LIFE OF MOTHER GUERIN. *net*, $2 00

LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. Bougaud. *net*, 0 75

LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Rohner-Brennan. *net*, 0 75

LIFE OF CHRIST. Businger-Brennan. Half Morocco; gilt side, gilt edges, profusely illustrated, net, 10 00

LIFE OF CHRIST. Cochem-Hammer. *net*, 0 75

LIFE OF CHRIST. Businger-Mullett. *net*, 2 25

LIFE OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X. *net*, 2 25

LIFE OF MADEMOISELLE LE GRAS. *net*, 0 75

LIFE OF MOTHER PAULINE VON MALLINCKRODT. *net*, 1 50

LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA. Aymé. $1 00

LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Genelli, S.J. *net*, 0 75

LIFE OF SISTER ANNE KATHARINE EMMERICH. Wegener-McGowan. *net*, 2 00

LITTLE ALTAR BOY'S MANUAL. 0 30

LITTLE COMMUNICANT'S PRAYER-BOOK. Sloan. 0 20

LITTLE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Berthold. *net*, 0 75

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY. 0 20

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. JOSEPH. Lings. 0 20

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. RITA. McGrath. Cloth, 0 50

LITTLE MASS BOOK. Lynch. Paper, *net*, *0 05

LITTLE MONTH OF MAY. *net*, 0 35

LITTLE MONTH OF SOULS IN PURGATORY. *net*, 0 35

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Edition in Latin and English. Cloth, *net*, 0.35. Edition in Latin only, cloth, *net*, 0 70

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Paper, *0 05

LITTLE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. *net*, 1 50

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Butler. *net*, 0 75

LOURDES. Clarke, S.J. *net*, 0 75

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Lasance. Thin Edition. Im. leather, 0 75

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Lasance. Thin Edition, with Epistles and Gospels. Im. leather, 1 00

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Lasance. Vest Pocket Edition. 0 40

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Lasance. Extra Large Type Edition. 1 25

MANUAL OF MORAL THEOLOGY, A. Slater, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, 6 50

MANUAL OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND CHRISTIAN PERFECTION, A. Henry, C.SS.R. *net*, 0 50

Digitized by Google

MANUAL OF THEOLOGY FOR THE LAITY. Geiermann, C.SS.R. Paper, *0.30; cloth. net, 0 60
MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. Lasance. net, 0 85
MANUAL OF THE HOLY NAME. 0 30
MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART. 0 45
MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY, NEW. 0 60
MARIAE COROLLA. Poems. Hill. net, 1 25
MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS. Hammer, O.F.M. net, 2 25
MARY THE QUEEN. Religious H. C. J. net, 0 40
MASS AND VESTMENTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Walsh. net, 2 00
MASS DEVOTIONS AND READINGS ON THE MASS. Lasance. net, 0 85
MEANS OF GRACE. Brennan. net, 3 50
MEDITATIONS FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE YEAR. Hamon, S.S. 5 vols. net, 6 50
MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR. Baxter, S.J. net, 1 50
MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR. Vercruysse, S.J. 2 vols. net, 4 00
MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH. Nepveu-Ryan. net, 0 75
MEDITATIONS FOR MONTHLY RETREATS. Semple, S.J. net, 0 60
MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF SEMINARIANS AND PRIESTS. Branchereau, S.S. 5 vols., each, net, 1 00
MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF THE SECULAR CLERGY. Chaignon, S.J. 2 vols. net, 5 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST WORDS FROM THE CROSS. Perraud. net, 0 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE, THE TEACHING, AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Ilg-Clarke. 2 vols. net, 4 00
MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF OUR HOLY FAITH. Barraud, S.J. 2 vols. net, 3 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD. net, 0 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. Perinaldo. net, 0 75
MIDDLE AGES. Shahan. net, 2 00
MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. net, 1 50
MISSALS. (See New Missal for Every Day, Sunday Missal.)
MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED. Girardey, C.SS.R. 0 50
MISSION BOOK FOR THE SINGLE. Girardey, C.SS.R. 0 50
MISSION BOOK OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. 0 50
MISSION REMEMBRANCES OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. Geiermann, C.SS.R. 0 50
MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE. Russell, S.J. net, 0 60
MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. Coppens, S.J. 12mo. net, 1 25
MORALITY OF MODERN SOCIALISM. Ming, S.J. net, 1 50
MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES. By a Religious. net, 0 50
MORE SHORT SPIRITUAL READINGS FOR MARY'S CHILDREN. Madame Cecilia. net, 0 75
MOST BELOVED WOMAN, THE. Garesché, S.J. .. net, 0 90
MY PRAYER-BOOK. Lasance. Imitation leather. 1 25
(For finer bindings see our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS. Sadlier. net, 0 75
NARROW WAY. Geiermann, C.SS.R. net, 0 60

Digitized by Google

NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY. LASANCE. Imitation leather. 1 50
(For finer bindings see our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
NEW TESTAMENT. 12mo. Edition. Large Type. Cloth, *net*. 0 75
32mo. Edition. Flexible cloth. *net*, 0 28
32mo. Edition. Stiff cloth. *net*, 0 40
32mo. Edition. American seal, red edges. *net*, 1 00
(For finer bindings see our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
NEW TESTAMENT AND CATHOLIC PRAYER-BOOK COMBINED. Cloth, *net*, 0.45; Imitation leather, khaki or black, *net*, 0 90
OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK. Cut flush, *net*, 0.28; Silk cloth, *net*, 0 40
OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. LINGS. 0 85
OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS. LINGS. 0 85
OUR OWN ST. RITA. CORCORAN, O.S.A. *net*, 1 00
OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. HUNTER, S.J. 3 vols. *net*, 6 00
OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY, from Abraham to Our Lord. GIGOT. 8vo. *net*, 1 75
OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. GIGOT. *net*, 1 75
OUTLINE MEDITATIONS. CECILIA. Imitation leather, 8vo. *net*, 1 50
OUT TO WIN. CONROY, S.J. *net*, 1 00
PARADISE ON EARTH OPENED TO ALL. NATALE, S.J. *net*, 0 50
PASSION AND THE DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST. ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *net*, 1 50
PASTORAL LETTERS. MCFAUL. *net*, 2 00
PATRON SAINTS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH. MANNIX. 3 vols., each, *net*, 0 75
PEARLS FROM FABER. BRUNOWE. *net*, 0 35
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. *net*, 3 50
PIOUS CHILD. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
POCKET COMPANION. A Prayer-Book. Cloth, 0 10
POCKET MANUAL. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
POCKET PRAYER-BOOK WITH EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. Cloth, red edges, 0 35
POLICEMEN'S AND FIREMEN'S COMPANION. MCGRATH. Cloth, 0 30
POLITICAL AND MORAL ESSAYS. RICKABY, S.J. *net*, 1 75
POPULAR LIFE OF ST. TERESA. PORTER. *net*, 0 75
PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. LASANCE. Imitation leather, *net*, 1 75
PRAYERS FOR OUR DEAD. MCGRATH. Cloth, 0.35; Imitation leather, 0 60
PREACHING. ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *net*, 1 50
PREPARATION FOR DEATH. ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *net*, 1 50
PRINCIPLES, ORIGIN, AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM. BURNS. *net*, 1 75
PRISONER OF LOVE, THE. LASANCE. Imitation leather, 1 25
PRIVATE RETREAT FOR RELIGIOUS. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. *net*, 1 75
PRODIGAL SON, THE. MULLER, C.SS.R., 12mo. *net*, 1 50
QUEEN'S FESTIVALS, THE. RELIGIOUS H. C. J. *net*, 0 40
QUESTIONS OF MORAL THEOLOGY. SLATER, S.J. *net*, 2 25
RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS. BARRETT, O.S.B. *net*, 2 50
REASONABLENESS OF CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND PRACTICES. BURKE. Cloth, *net*, 0 35

Digitized by Google

RELIGIOUS STATE. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 0 50

ROMA. Pagan, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. Kuhn. Cloth, *net*, 10.00; Full red morocco, *net*, 16 00

ROMAN CURIA AS IT NOW EXISTS. Martin, S.J. *net*, 1 50

ROSARY, THE, THE CROWN OF MARY. Dominican Father. Paper, *0 10

RULES OF LIFE FOR THE PASTOR OF SOULS. Slater-Rauch. *net*, 1 25

SACRAMENTALS OF THE CHURCH. Lambing. Paper, *0.30; cloth, 0 60

SACRED HEART BOOK. Lasance. Im. leather, *net*, 0 85

SACRED HEART STUDIED IN THE SACRED SCRIPTURES. Saintrain, C.SS.R. *net*, 0 75

SACRIFICE OF THE MASS WORTHILY CELEBRATED. Chaignon-Goesbriand. *net*, 2 00

ST. ANTHONY. Keller. *net*, 0 75

ST. ANTHONY. Ward. *net*, 0 75

ST. CHANTAL AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE VISITATION. Msgr. Bougaud. *net*, 3 00

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Dubois, S.M. *net*, 0 75

SAINTS AND PLACES. Ayscough. *net*, 2 00

SANCTUARY BOYS' ILLUSTRATED MANUAL. McCallen. *net*, ‖0 60

SCAPULAR MEDAL. Geiermann, C.SS.R. Paper, *0 05

SECRET OF SANCTITY. Crasset, S.J. *net*, 0 75

SERAPHIC GUIDE. 0 65

SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE SACRED HEART. Brinkmeyer. *net*, 0 75

SHORT COURSE IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. Paper, *0 10

SHORT HISTORY OF MORAL THEOLOGY. Slater. *net*, 0 50

SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Donnelly. 0 60

SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY. Lasaussse. *net*, 0 75

SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. McMahon. *net*, 1 00

SHORT VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Lasance. Cloth, 0 20

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY. Stang. *net*, 1 25

SOCIALISM: ITS THEORETICAL BASIS AND PRACTICAL APPLICATION. Cathrein-Gettelmann. *net*, 1 75

SODALIST'S VADE MECUM. 0 55

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMPANION. McGrath. Cut flush, 0.15; Silk Cloth or Khaki, 0 25

SOUVENIR OF THE NOVITIATE. Taylor. *net*, 0 60

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Gigot. Part I, *net*, ‖1.75; Part II, *net*, ‖2 25

SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Messmer. *net*, 1 75

SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE, THE, AND THE LIFE OF SACRIFICE IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE. Giraud-Thurston. *net*, 2 25

SPIRITUAL CONSIDERATIONS. Buckler, O.P. *net*, 0 75

SPIRITUAL DESPONDENCY AND TEMPTATIONS. Michel-Garesché. *net*, 1 25

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR A TEN DAYS' RETREAT. Smetana, C.SS.R. *net*, 0 90

SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT. Stang. Paper, *0.30; cloth, *net*, 0 60

SPOILING THE DIVINE FEAST. Zulueta, S.J. Paper, *0 05

Digitized by Google

STORIES OF THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD. Religious H. C. J. *net*, 0 40
STORIES FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. Keller. *net*, 0 50
STORY OF JESUS SIMPLY TOLD FOR THE YOUNG. Mulholland. *net*, 0 75
STORY OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Lynch. *net*, 2 00
STORY OF THE DIVINE CHILD. Lings. *net*, 0 40
STORY OF THE FRIENDS OF JESUS. Religious H. C. J. *net*, 0 40
SUNDAY MISSAL, THE. Lasance. Imitation leather, 1 00
SUNDAY-SCHOOL DIRECTOR'S GUIDE. Sloan. *net*, 1 00
SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S GUIDE. Sloan. *net*, 0 75
SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. Taylor. *net*, 0 50
TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. *net*, 0 50
TALKS TO PARENTS. Conroy, S.J. *net*, 1 00
TALKS WITH THE LITTLE ONES ABOUT THE APOSTLES' CREED. Religious H. C. J. *net*, 0 40
TEXTUAL CONCORDANCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Williams. *net*, 4 00
THOUGHTS AND AFFECTIONS ON THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Bergamo, O.M.Cap. *net*, 2 25
THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Lasance. *net*, 1 75
TRAINING OF CHILDREN AND OF GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS. Madame Cecilia. Cloth, *net*, 0 60
TRUE POLITENESS. Demore. *net*, 0 75
TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST. St. Alphonsus Liguori. 1 vol. edition, *net*, 0.75; 2 vol. edition, *net*, 3 00
TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS. Wirth. *net*, 1 25
VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Rohner-Brennan. *net*, 0 75
VEST-POCKET GEMS OF DEVOTION. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 1 50
VIGIL HOUR. Ryan, S.J. Paper, *0 10
VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. Lasance. 1 50
VISITS TO THE HOLY SACRAMENT. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 0 40
VOCATION. Van Tricht-Conniff. Paper, *0 10
VOCATIONS EXPLAINED. Cut flush, *0 10
WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. De Lehen, S.J. *net*, 1 50
WAY OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. St. Alphonsus Liguori. *net*, 1 50
WAY OF THE CROSS. Illustrated. Paper, *0 05
WAY OF THE CROSS, THE. Large-type edition. Method of St. Alphonsus Liguori. Illustrated. *0 15
WAY OF THE CROSS. Eucharistic method. Illustrated. *0 15
WAY OF THE CROSS. By a Jesuit Father. Illustrated. *0 15
WAY OF THE CROSS. St. Francis of Assisi. Illustrated. *0 15
WAY OF THE CROSS. St. Alphonsus Liguori. Illustrated. *0 15
WAY TO HEAVEN. (See our Prayer-Book Catalogue.)
WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. Brennan. *net*, 1 25
WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. Drury. Paper, *0.30; cloth, *net*, 0 60
WHAT TIMES! WHAT MORALS! Semple, S.J. Cloth, *net*, 0 60
WITH CHRIST, MY FRIEND. Sloan. *net*, 0 90
WITH GOD. Lasance. Imitation leather, 1 25

Digitized by Google

WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY. SADLIER. *net*, 0 75
YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE. LASANCE. Imitation leather, 1 00
YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. GARESCHÉ, S.J. With Frontispiece. *net*, 0 90
YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, 0 90
YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, 0 90

NOVELS.

AGATHA'S HARD SAYING. MULHOLLAND. *net*, 1 00
ALBERTA: ADVENTURESS. L'ERMITE. *net*, 1 50
BACK TO THE WORLD. CHAMPOL. *net*, 1 50
BALLADS OF CHILDHOOD. Poems. EARLS, S.J. *net*, 1 00
BARRIER, THE. RENÉ BAZIN. *net*, 1 25
BLACK BROTHERHOOD, THE. GARROLD, S.J. *net*, 1 50
BOND AND FREE. CONNOR. *net*, 0 60
"BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE." FINN, S.J. 1 00
BY THE BLUE RIVER. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
CARROLL DARE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, 1 00
CHILDREN OF EVE. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. BRACKEL. *net*, 0 75
CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. BERTHOLDS. *net*, 0 75
CORINNE'S VOW. WAGGAMAN. *net*, 1 00
DAUGHTER OF KINGS, A. HINKSON. *net*, 1 25
DEEP HEART, THE. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
DION AND THE SIBYLS. KEON. *net*, 0 75
ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH. TAGGART. *net*, 1 00
ELSTONES, THE. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
EUNICE. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
FABIOLA. WISEMAN. *net*, 0 60
FABIOLA'S SISTERS. CLARKE. *net*, 0 75
FATAL BEACON, THE. BRACKEL. *net*, 1 00
FAUSTULA. AYSCOUGH. *net*, 1 50
FINE CLAY. CLARKE. *net*, 1 50
FLOWERS OF THE CLOISTER. LA MOTTE. *net*, 1 25
FORGIVE AND FORGET. LINGEN. *net*, 0 75
GRAPES AND THORNS. WAGGAMAN. *net*, 1 00
HEART OF A MAN, THE. MAHER. *net*, 1 50
HEARTS OF GOLD. EDHOR. *net*, 1 00
HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN. HAHN-HAHN. *net*, 0 60
HER BLIND FOLLY. HOLT. *net*, 1 00
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. HINKSON. *net*, 1 25
HER FATHER'S SHARE. POWER. *net*, 1 00
HER JOURNEY'S END. COOKE. *net*, 0 75
IDOLS; OR THE SECRET OF THE RUE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN. NAVERY. *net*, 0 75
IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. ROSS. *net*, 0 60
IN THE DAYS OF KING HAL. TAGGART. *net*, 1 00
IN SPITE OF ALL. STANIFORTH. *net*, 1 00
IVY HEDGE, THE. EGAN. *net*, 1 50
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS. HARRISON. *net*, 1 00
LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. HARTE. *net*, 0 60
"LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT." GRAY. *net*, 1 50
LINKED LIVES. DOUGLAS. *net*, 1 50
LITTLE CARDINAL, THE. PARR. *net*, 1 25
MARCELLA GRACE. MULHOLLAND. *net*, 0 75
MARIAE COROLLA. (Poems). HILL, C.P. *net*, 1 25
MARIE OF THE HOUSE D'ANTERS. EARLS, S.J. *net*, 1 50
MELCHIOR OF BOSTON. EARLS, S.J. *net*, 1 00
MIGHTY FRIEND, THE. L'ERMITE. *net*, 1 50
MIRROR OF SHALOTT. BENSON. *net*, 1 50

Digitized by Google

MISS ERIN. Francis. *net*, 0 75
MONK'S PARDON, THE. Navery. *net*, 0 75
MR. BILLY BUTTONS. Lecky. *net*, 1 25
MY LADY BEATRICE. Cooke. *net*, 0 60
NOT A JUDGMENT. Keon. *net*, 1 25
ONLY ANNE. Clarke. *net*, 1 50
OTHER MISS LISLE, THE. Martin. *net*, 0 60
OUT OF BONDAGE. Holt. *net*, 1 00
OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE, THE. de Lamothe. *net*, 0 75
PASSING SHADOWS. Yorke. *net*, 1 25
PAT. Hinkson. *net*, 1 50
PERE MONNIER'S WARD. Lecky. *net*, 1 25
PILKINGTON HEIR, THE. Sadlier. *net*, 1 00
PRISONERS' YEARS. Clarke. *net*, 1 50
PRODIGAL'S DAUGHTER, THE. Bugg. *net*, 1 00
PROPHET'S WIFE, THE. Browne. *net*, 1 00
RED INN OF ST. LYPHAR. Sadlier. *net*, 1 00
REST HOUSE, THE. Clarke. *net*, 1 50
ROAD BEYOND THE TOWN, THE, AND OTHER POEMS. Earls, S.J. *net*, 1 25
ROSE OF THE WORLD. Martin. *net*, 0 75
ROUND TABLE OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. (Stories.) *net*, 0 75
ROUND TABLE OF FRENCH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. (Stories.) *net*, 0 75
ROUND TABLE OF GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. (Stories.) *net*, 0 75
ROUND TABLE OF IRISH AND ENGLISH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. (Stories.) *net*, 0 75
RUBY CROSS, THE. Wallace. *net*, 1 00
RULER OF THE KINGDOM, THE. Keon. *net*, 1 25
SECRET CITADEL, THE. Clarke. *net*, 1 50
SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE. Cooke. *net*, 0 60
SHADOW OF EVERSLEIGH, THE. Lansdowne. *net*, 0 60
SHIELD OF SILENCE, THE. Henry-Ruffin. *net*, 1 50
SO AS BY FIRE. Connor. *net*, 0 75
SOGGARTH AROON, THE. Guinan. *net*, 1 25
SON OF SIRO. Copus, S.J. *net*, 1 50
STORY OF CECILIA. Hinkson. *net*, 1 25
STUORE. (Stories). Earls, S.J. *net*, 1 00
TEMPEST OF THE HEART, THE. Gray. *net*, 0 75
TEST OF COURAGE, THE. Ross. *net*, 0 60
THAT MAN'S DAUGHTER. Ross. *net*, 1 00
THEIR CHOICE. Skinner. *net*, 0 60
THROUGH THE DESERT. Sienkiewicz. *net*, 1 50
TIDEWAY, THE. Ayscough. *net*, 1 50
TRAINING OF SILAS. Devine. *net*, 1 25
TRUE STORY OF MASTER GERARD. Sadlier. *net*, 1 25
TURN OF THE TIDE. Gray. *net*, 0 75
UNBIDDEN GUEST, THE. Cooke. *net*, 0 60
UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS. Sheehan. *net*, 1 75
UNRAVELLING OF A TANGLE. Taggart. *net*, 1 00
UP IN ARDMUIRLAND. Barrett, O.S.B. *net*, 1 25
VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. Egan. *net*, 1 25
WARGRAVE TRUST, THE. Reid. *net*, 1 25
WAR MOTHERS. (Poems). Garesché, S.J. *net*, 0 60
WAY THAT LED BEYOND, THE. Harrison. *net*, 1 00
WEDDING BELLS OF GLENDALOUGH. Earls, S.J. *net*, 1 50
WHEN LOVE IS STRONG. Keon. *net*, 1 25
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION. Clarke. *net*, 1 50
WOMAN OF FORTUNE. Reid. *net*, 1 25

Digitized by Google

JUVENILES.

ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES. FERRY.	*net*,	0 40
ALTHEA. NIRDLINGER.	*net*,	0 50
AS GOLD IN THE FURNACE. COPUS.		1 25
AS TRUE AS GOLD. MANNIX.	*net*,	0 40
AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS.. SPALDING, S.J.		1 25
BELL FOUNDRY. SCHACHING.	*net*,	0 40
BERKLEYS, THE. WIGHT.	*net*,	0 40
BEST FOOT FORWARD, THE. FINN.		1 25
BETWEEN FRIENDS. AUMERLE.	*net*,	0 50
BISTOURI. MELANDRI.	*net*,	0 40
BLISSYLVANIA POST-OFFICE, THE. TAGGART.	*net*,	0 40
BOB O'LINK. WAGGAMAN.	*net*,	0 40
BROWNIE AND I. AUMERLE.	*net*,	0 50
BUNT AND BILL. MULHOLLAND.	*net*,	0 40
BY BRANSCOME RIVER. TAGGART.	*net*,	0 40
CAMP BY COPPER RIVER. SPALDING, S.J.		1 25
CAPTAIN TED. WAGGAMAN.	*net*,	0 50
CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK. SPALDING, S.J.		1 25
CHARLIE CHITTYWICK. BEARNE.		1 25
CHILDREN OF CUPA. MANNIX.	*net*,	0 40
CHILDREN OF THE LOG CABIN. DELAMARE.	*net*,	0 50
CLARE LORAINE. "LEE."	*net*,	0 50
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT. FINN.		1 25
COLLEGE BOY, A. YORKE.		1 25
CUPA REVISITED. MANNIX.	*net*,	0 40
CUPID OF CAMPION. FINN.		1 25
DADDY DAN. WAGGAMAN.	*net*,	0 40
DEAR FRIENDS. NIRDLINGER.	*net*,	0 50
DIMPLING'S SUCCESS. MULHOLLAND.	*net*,	0 40
ETHELRED PRESTON. FINN.		1 25
EVERY-DAY GIRL, AN. CROWLEY.	*net*,	0 40
FAIRY OF THE SNOWS, THE. FINN.		1 25
FINDING OF TONY, THE. WAGGAMAN.		1 25
FIVE BIRDS IN A NEST. DELAMARE.	*net*,	0 50
FLOWER OF THE FLOCK, THE. EGAN.		1 25
FOR THE WHITE ROSE. HINKSON.	*net*,	0 40
FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. SMITH.	*net*,	0 40
FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES. GARROLD.	*net*,	0 50
FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS. GARROLD.	*net*,	0 50
GOLDEN LILLY, THE. HINKSON.	*net*,	0 40
GREAT CAPTAIN, THE. HINKSON.	*net*,	0 40
GUILD BOYS' PLAY AT RIDINGDALE. BEARNE.		1 25
HALDEMAN CHILDREN, THE. MANNIX.	*net*,	0 40
HARMONY FLATS. WHITMIRE.	*net*,	0 50
HARRY DEE. FINN.		1 25
HARRY RUSSELL. COPUS.		1 25
HEIR OF DREAMS, AN. O'MALLEY.	*net*,	0 40
HELD IN THE EVERGLADES. SPALDING, S.J.		1 25
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. FINN.		1 25
HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. FINN.		1 25
HOSTAGE OF WAR, A. BONESTEEL.	*net*,	0 40
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. EGAN.	*net*,	0 50
IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE. MANNIX.	*net*,	0 40
IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST. BARTON.	*net*,	0 50
JACK. RELIGIOUS H. C. J.	*net*,	0 40
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. TAGGART.	*net*,	0 50
JACK-O'-LANTERN. WAGGAMAN.	*net*,	0 40
JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S. BRYSON.	*net*,	0 50
JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. Series I, II, III. Each,		1 25
KLONDIKE PICNIC, A. DONNELLY.	*net*,	0 50

Digitized by Google

LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES. Delamare.	*net,*	0 40
LITTLE GIRL FROM BACK EAST. Roberts.	*net,*	0 40
LITTLE LADY OF THE HALL. Ryeman.	*net,*	0 40
LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE. Nixon-Roulet.	*net,*	0 50
LITTLE MISSY. Waggaman.	*net,*	0 40
LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. Taggart.		1 25
LUCKY BOB. Finn.		1 25
MAD KNIGHT, THE. Schaching.	*net,*	0 40
MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. Brunowe.	*net,*	0 40
MAKING OF MORTLAKE. Copus.		1 25
MAN FROM NOWHERE, THE. Sadlier.		1 25
MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS. Spalding, S.J.		1 25
MARY TRACY'S FORTUNE. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 40
MELOR OF THE SILVER HAND. Bearne.		1 25
MILLY AVELING. Smith.	*net,*	0 50
MIRALDA. Johnston.	*net,*	0 40
MOSTLY BOYS. Finn.		1 25
MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 40
MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY. Barton.	*net,*	0 50
MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 50
NAN NOBODY. Waggaman.	*net,*	0 40
NED RIEDER. Webs.	*net,*	0 50
NEW BOYS AT RIDINGDALE. Bearne.		1 25
NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S. Brunowe.	*net,*	0 50
OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. Smith.	*net,*	0 40
OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE. Spalding, S.J.		1 25
ON THE OLD CAMPING GROUND. Mannix.		1 25
OUR LADY'S LUTENIST. Bearne.		1 25
PANCHO AND PANCHITA. Mannix.	*net,*	0 40
PAULINE ARCHER. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 40
PERCY WYNN. Finn.		1 25
PERIL OF DIONYSIO, THE. Mannix.	*net,*	0 40
PETRONILLA, AND OTHER STORIES. Donnelly.	*net,*	0 50
PICKLE AND PEPPER. Dorsey.		1 25
PILGRIM FROM IRELAND. Carnot.	*net,*	0 40
PLAYWATER PLOT, THE. Waggaman.	*net,*	0 50
POLLY DAY'S ISLAND. Roberts.		1 25
POVERINA. Buckenham.	*net,*	0 50
QUEEN'S PAGE, THE. Hinkson.	*net,*	0 40
QUEEN'S PROMISE, THE. Waggaman.	*net,*	0 50
QUEST OF MARY SELWYN. Clementia.		1 25
RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND. Spalding, S.J.		1 25
RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS. Bonesteel.	*net,*	0 40
RIDINGDALE FLOWER SHOW. Bearne.		1 25
ROMANCE OF THE SILVER SHOON. Bearne.		1 25
ST. CUTHBERT'S. Copus.		1 25
SANDY JOE. Waggaman.		1 25
SEA-GULLS' ROCK. Sandeau.	*net,*	0 40
SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS. Nixon-Roulet.	*net,*	0 40
SHADOWS LIFTED. Copus.		1 25
SHEER PLUCK. Bearne.		1 25
SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK. Spalding, S.J.		1 25
SHIPMATES. Waggaman.	*net,*	0 50
STRONG-ARM OF AVALON. Waggaman.		1 25
SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER. Spalding, S.J.		1 25
SUMMER AT WOODVILLE, A. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 40
TALISMAN, THE. Sadlier.	*net,*	0 50
TAMING OF POLLY, THE. Dorsey.		1 25
THAT FOOTBALL GAME. Finn.		1 25
THAT OFFICE BOY. Finn.		1 25

Digitized by Google

THREE LITTLE GIRLS, AND ESPECIALLY ONE. TAGGART.	*net*, 0 40
TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. SALOMÉ.	*net*, 0 50
TOM LOSELY: BOY. COPUS.	1 25
TOM PLAYFAIR. FINN.	1 25
TOM'S LUCK-POT. WAGGAMAN.	*net*, 0 40
TOORALLADDY. By JULIA C. WALSH.	*net*, 0 40
TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE. WAGGAMAN.	*net*, 0 50
TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. TAGGART.	*net*, 0 50
TWO LITTLE GIRLS. MACK.	*net*, 0 40
UNCLE FRANK'S MARY. CLEMENTIA.	1 25
UPS AND DOWNS OF MARJORIE. WAGGAMAN.	*net*, 0 40
VIOLIN MAKER, THE. SMITH.	*net*, 0 40
WAYWARD WINIFRED. SADLIER.	1 25
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. TAGGART.	*net*, 0 50
WITCH OF RIDINGDALE. BEARNE.	1 25
YOUNG COLOR GUARD. BONESTEEL.	*net*, 0 40

FATHER LASANCE'S PRAYER-BOOKS

MY PRAYER-BOOK. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.25, and in finer bindings.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.00, and in finer bindings.

THE CATHOLIC GIRL'S GUIDE. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.25, and in finer bindings.

THE NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.50, and in finer bindings.

THE SUNDAY MISSAL. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.00, and in finer bindings.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.25, and in finer bindings.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Thin Edition. Imitation leather, red edges, 75 cents, and in finer bindings.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Thin Edition, with the Epistles and Gospels. Imitation leather, $1.00.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Vest-pocket Edition. Silk cloth, 40 cents, and in finer bindings.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Extra-Large-Type Edition. Imitation leather, red edges, $1.25, and in finer bindings.

Complete list of Father Lasance's Prayer-Books sent on application.

BENZIGER'S MAGAZINE

THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Subscription price, $2.50 a year. Three years, $6.00

NOVELS

Benziger's Magazine has long been pre-eminent as THE magazine of Catholic fiction. It offers its subscribers four long novels a year (each being completed in three issues). These novels when issued in book form each sell for $1.50 net.

SHORT STORIES

The best Catholic authors are engaged to write and are writing short stories for Benziger's Magazine. Our subscribers get fifty such stories with every year's subscription.

QUESTION BOX

This department has always been very popular with our subscribers and it will continue to be of great help to them.

H/JR.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google